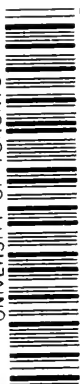
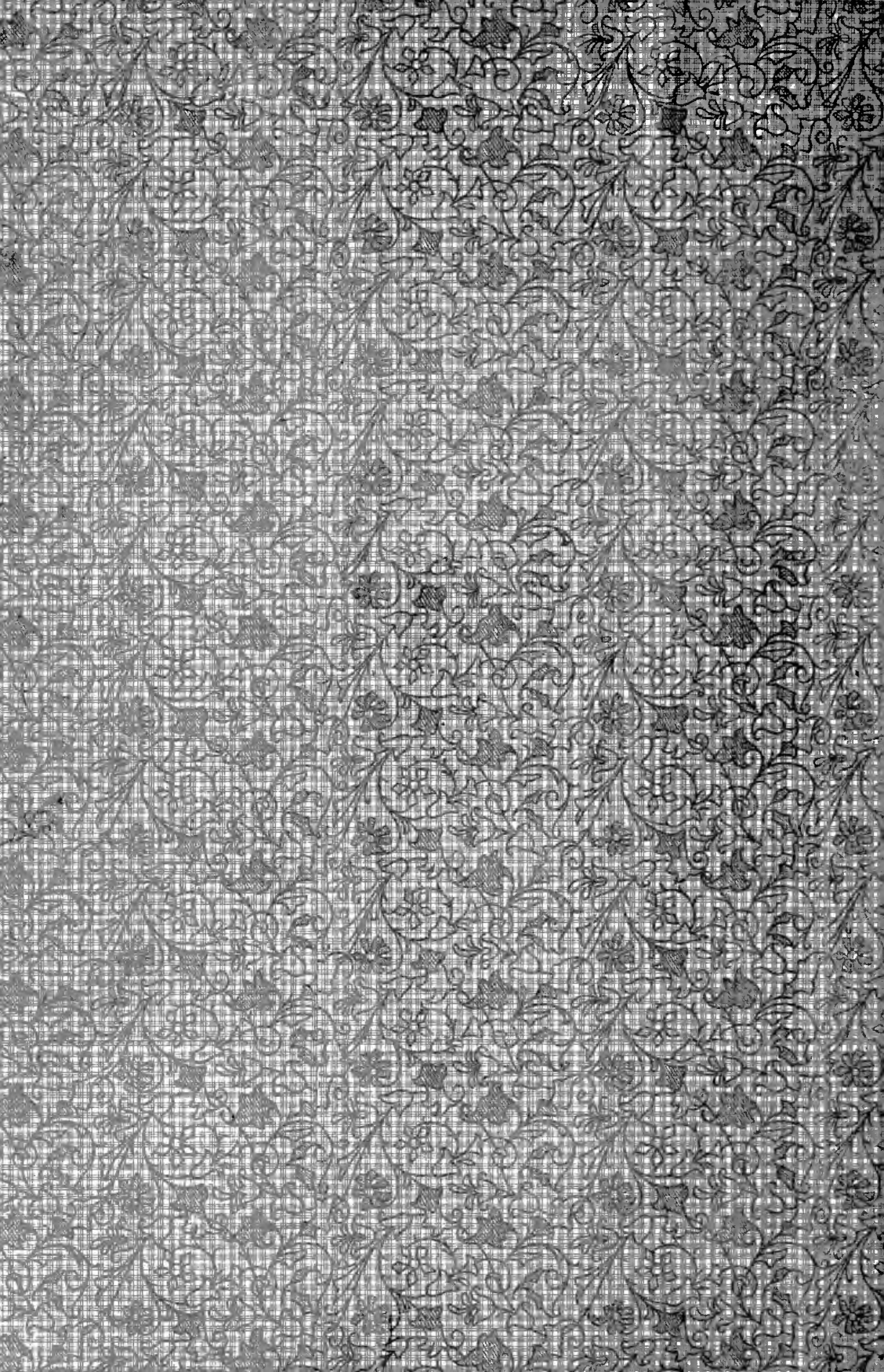
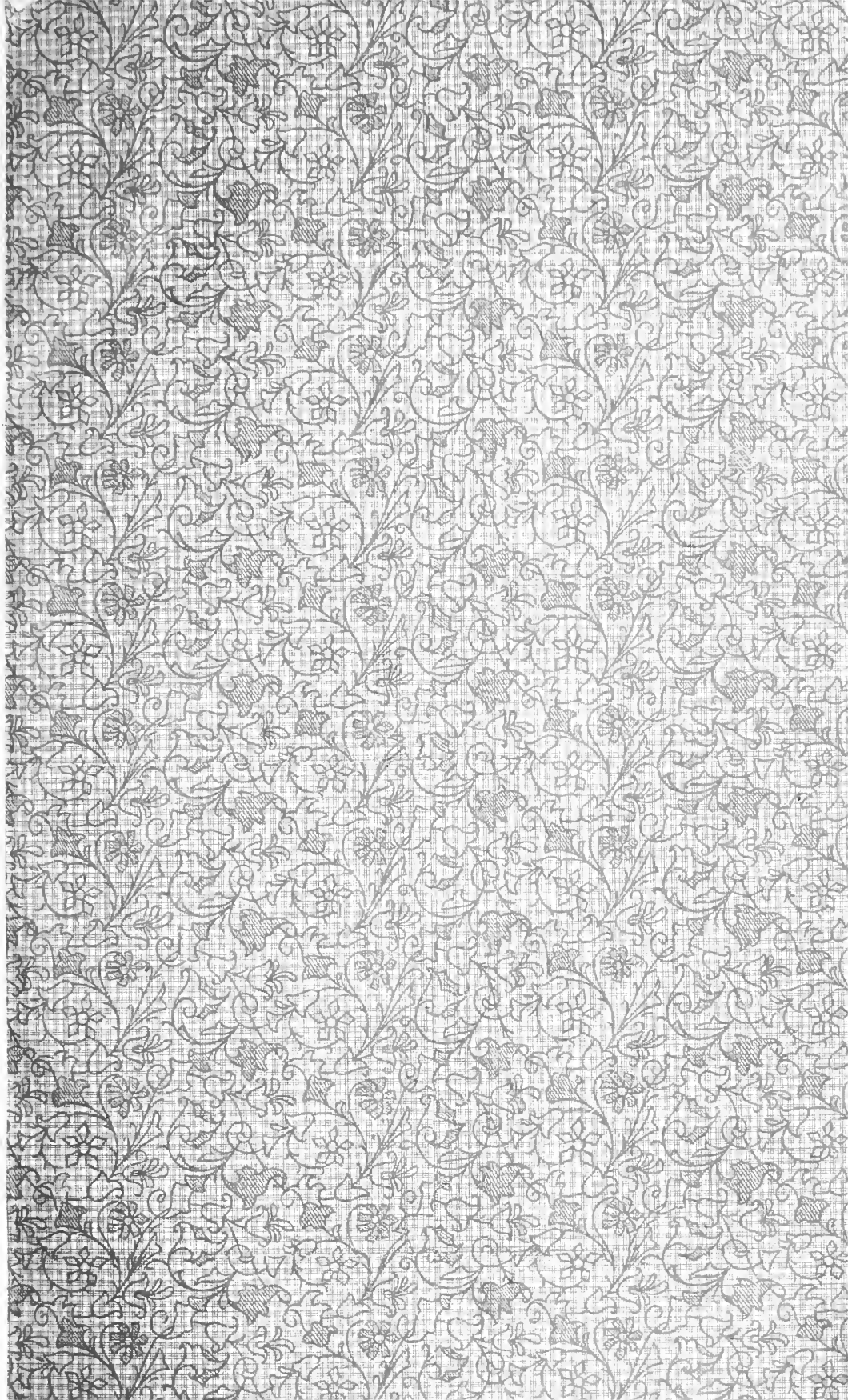


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THE JOURNALISTS

COMEDY IN FOUR ACTS

BY

GUSTAV FREYTAG

LITERALLY TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

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BY CHARLES W. SEVER

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CHARACTERS.

COLONEL-EMERITUS BERG.

IDA *His Daughter.*

ADELAIDE RONECK.

SENDEN *Land-holder.*

PROFESSOR OLDENDORF, KONRAD BOLZ, BELLMAUS, KÄMPE, KÖRNER, PRINTER HENNING, MÜLLER,	<i>Editor,</i> <i>Editor,</i> <i>Reporter,</i> <i>Reporter,</i> <i>Reporter,</i> <i>Proprietor,</i> <i>Factotum,</i>	{	<i>of the "Union" newspaper.</i>
BLUMENBERG, SCHMOCK,	<i>Editor,</i> <i>Reporter,</i>	{	<i>of the "Coriolanus" newspaper.</i>

PIEPENBRINK *Wine-merchant and Elector.*

LOTTA *His Wife.*

BERTHA *Their Daughter.*

KLEINMICHEL *Citizen and Elector.*

FRITZ *His Son.*

COUNSELLOR SCHWARZ.

AN UNKNOWN DANCING-GIRL.

KORB *Secretary of Adelaide's Estate.*

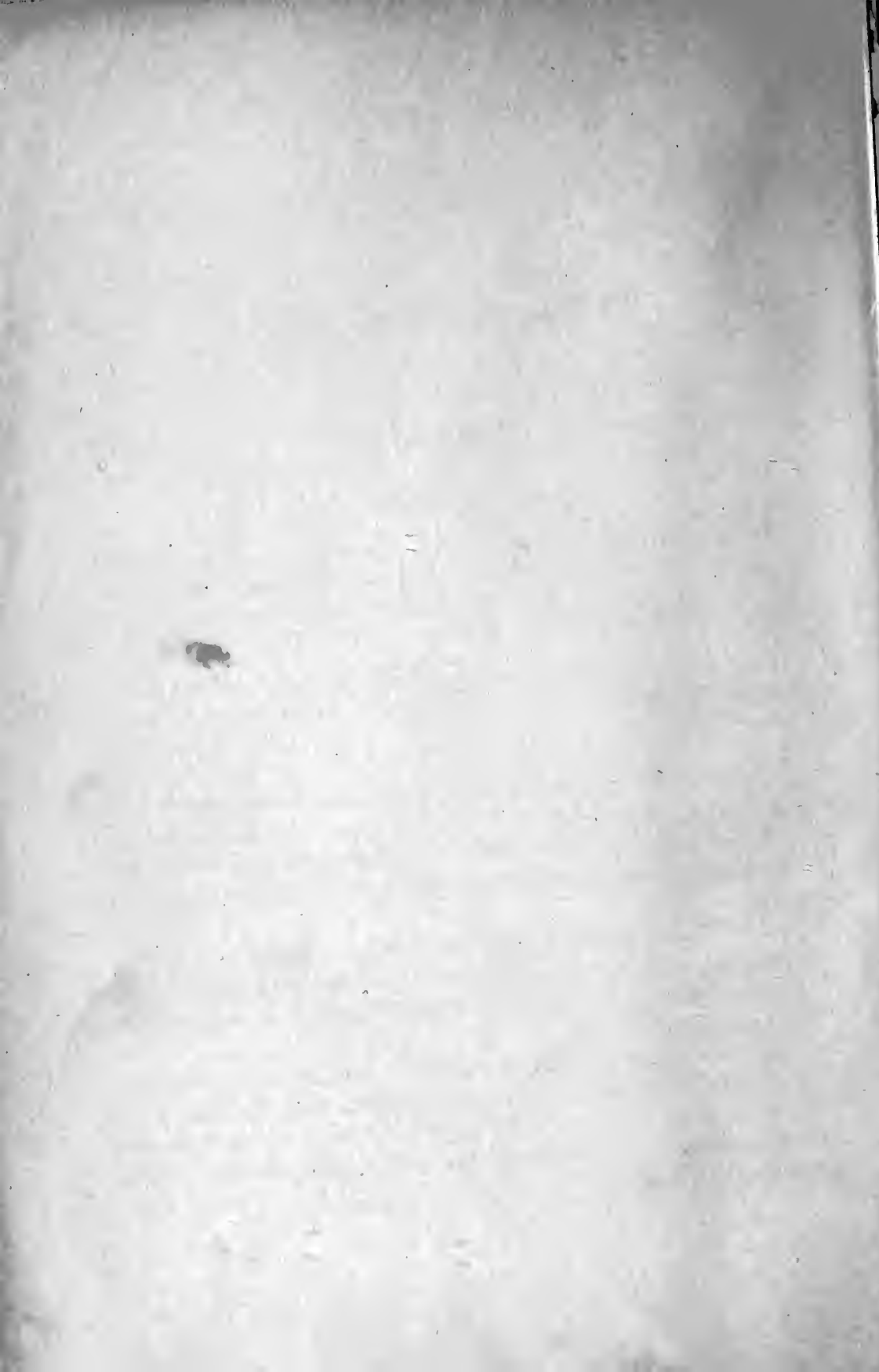
KARL *The Colonel's Servant.*

A BUTLER.

Guests of the "Resource." Deputations of Citizens.

SCENE OF ACTION:

Capital of a Province.



THE JOURNALISTS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Garden-hall of the Colonel's house. Rich decorations. In the middle of the background, an open door, behind it a veranda and the garden; on the sides of the rear wall large windows. To the right and to the left, doors, a window well in the foreground. Tables, chairs, a small sofa.

[*Ida* sitting well in the foreground, reading a book; the *Colonel* walks in at the middle door with an open box in his hand, in which there are some dahlias.]

Colonel. *Ida*, here are some new varieties of dahlias, which our gardener has raised, you shall find names for them; reflect on it. Day after tomorrow there is a meeting of the Horticultural Union, I will there exhibit our new varieties and announce their names.

Ida. This bright one shall be called "Adelaide."

Colonel. "Adelaide Runeck," of course! Your own name must not be used, for you are a little dahlia already, a long time on the flower-market.

Ida. One shall be named after your favorite poet "Boz."

Colonel. Excellent, that must be a very fine one, this yellow one with violet points. And the third, how shall we christen it?

Ida (*pleadingly extending her hand towards her father*). "Edward Oldendorf."

Colonel. What? The Professor? The editor? No, that must not be! It was surely bad enough that he took charge of the newspaper; but now that he has allowed himself to be led away from his party and has stepped forward as a candidate for the House of Representatives, I cannot quite pardon him.

Ida. There he comes himself.

Colonel (to himself). Otherwise, to hear his footsteps would be a pleasure to me; now I must guard myself from becoming discourteous whenever I see him.

Oldendorf.

Oldendorf. Good morning, Colonel!

Ida (cordially to him). Good morning, Oldendorf. Help me to admire these new dahlias that my father has raised.

Colonel. Don't bother the Professor now; such trifles are no longer for him; he has greater things in his head.

Oldendorf. I am never incapable of enjoying that which gives you pleasure.

Colonel (growling to himself). You have not proved that to me very conclusively; I fear, you delight in doing that which displeases me. — You have now much indeed to do with your election, Mr. Representative-in-Prospective?

Oldendorf. You know, Colonel, that I have the least possible to do with that.

Colonel. I should think so. It was formerly a custom at such elections for one to pay court to influential persons, and shake hands with his constituents, to deliver speeches, scatter his promises around, and all the other devilish things, whatever they may be called.

Oldendorf. You do not believe, Colonel, that I will do anything unworthy.

Colonel. So?—I am not sure of it Oldendorf, since you have become a journalist, edited your Union, and have every day

represented to the city how badly it is ruled ; since that time you are no longer as you used to be.

Oldendorf (who had kept himself till now with *Ida* over the flowers, turns toward the *Colonel*). Does that which I now say or write stand in antagonism to my former views? You will hardly be able to prove that to me. And still less will you have noticed any change in my feelings and treatment of you.

Colonel (*obdurate*). Now that would be very fine. I will not spoil this morning quarrelling with you ; *Ida* may see whether she gets along better with you. I am going to my flowers. (*Takes up the box, and goes off to the garden.*)

Oldendorf. Why do these bad humors come to your father? Has something in the paper angered him again?

Ida. I think not. But it is very distressing to him that you again come into politics on the side to advise measures which he hates, to attack institutions which he cherishes. (*Timidly*) *Oldendorf*, is it then not possible that you may withdraw from the election?

Oldendorf. It is impossible.

Ida. I would retain you here, and father could again obtain his good humor, for he would value very highly the sacrifice which you bring him. We could then dare hope that our future would again become as peaceful as was the past.

Oldendorf. I know that *Ida*, and I have at the prospect of becoming Representative of this city every other feeling but joy, and yet I cannot withdraw.

Ida (*turning away*). Father is right. Since you have been editing the paper you have become a different man.

Oldendorf. *Ida* ! You too? If this disagreement come between us two then will I be very poor.

Ida. Dear Edward ! — I am only sad that I shall be deprived of you so long.

Oldendorf. Yet I have not been elected ! If I become a Representative, and it turns out as I wish, then will I carry you to my home, never to let you go away again from my side.

Ida. O, Edward, about that we dare not now think. Only show indulgence to my father.

Oldendorf. You hear how much I bear from him. Nor do I give up the hope that he reconciles himself to me. When this election is over, then will I again appeal to his heart. Perhaps I will win a favorable answer and our union.

Ida. Do bear in mind his little foibles. He is in the garden at his dahlia-bed; admire the beautiful colors. If you act with tact perhaps he will yet call one of them "Edward Oldendorf." We have already discussed the matter. Come. (*Exeunt both.*)

Senden, Blumenberg, Karl, Schmock.

Senden (entering). Is the Colonel alone?

Karl. Professor Oldendorf is with him.

Senden. Announce us. (*Karl leaves.*) Always this Oldendorf! Listen, Blumenberg, the connection of the old gentleman with the Union must come to an end. He does not belong entirely to us, so long as the Professor goes in and out here. We need the influential personage of the Colonel.

Blumenberg. And his house is the first in the city, the best company, good wine, and culture.

Senden. Besides I have my private reasons, for winning over the Colonel to us; and beyond all, this Professor and his clique are in our way.

Blumenberg. The friendship will come to an end. I promise you, that it will come to an end sooner or later this week. The first step towards it is done. The gentlemen of the Union have walked into the trap.

Senden. Into what trap?

Blumenberg. That which I have fixed for them in our paper. (*Turning to Schmock who stands by the door.*) Why do you stand here, Schmock? Can't you wait at the gate?

Schmock. I have [only] gone where you have gone. Why should I not stand here? I know the Colonel as well as you do.

Blumenberg. Do not be forward, do not be insolent. Go and wait at the gate, and if I bring you the article, run with it quickly to the office. Do you understand?

Schmock. What should I not understand, if you shriek it at me like a raven. (*Leaves.*)

Blumenberg (to Senden). He is a commonplace fellow but useful!—Now we are alone, listen. Recently when you introduced me here I begged and implored the Colonel to please write down sometime his thoughts upon the topics of the times.

Senden. Yes, alas! You flattered him grossly enough, still the old man caught fire.

Blumenberg. What he has written we have begged him to read; when he has read it we praised it.

Senden. But it was very boring.

Blumenberg. I have begged him for it for our paper.

Senden. Alas! and I now must carry a weighty article to the press. These papers are too heavy,—they are no good for the Coriolanus.

Blumenberg. Still I have printed them with pleasure. If one has written for a paper he will be a good friend to that paper. The Colonel immediately subscribed to the Coriolanus, and the following day invited me to dine with him.

Senden (shrugging his shoulders). If that is all the profit!

Blumenberg. It is only the beginning. The articles are not clever, why should I not say it!

Senden. That God knows.

Blumenberg. And no one knows who the author is.

Senden. The old gentleman desires it! I believe he is afraid of Oldendorf.

Blumenberg. For this reason it has happened as I thought. To-day Oldendorf's paper has attacked this article. Here is the latest number of the Union.

Senden. Show it to me. That will make a famous confusion! Is the attack uncivil?

Blumenberg. The Colonel will certainly take it as uncivil. Do you think that it will help us against the Professor?

Senden. You are the slyest Devil on earth, that ever crept from an ink-horn.

Blumenberg. Give it here, the Colonel is coming.

Colonel.

Colonel. Good morning gentlemen!—(*Aside.*) And Oldendorf is still here, if he only yet remains in the garden. Well Mr. Editor, how goes the Coriolanus?

Blumenberg. Our readers admire the new articles with the arrow. Have I perhaps hope, something else—

Colonel. (*Drawing a manuscript from his pocket and glancing around.*) I trust to your discretion. I would be glad to re-read it on account of the structure of the periods.

Blumenberg. That is best done when the proof is read.

Colonel. I believe it will do. Take it; but keep a close mouth.

Blumenberg. Permit me to send it immediately to the press. (*Goes to the door.*) Schmock! (*Schmock appears at the door, takes the manuscript, goes away quickly.*)

Senden. Blumenberg maintains his sheet bravely, but he has enemies; he must defend himself skilfully.

Colonel (delightedly). Enemies? Who does not have them! But journalists have nerves like women. Everything stirs you up, every word that is said against you agitates you! I know you, you are sensitive people.

Blumenberg. Perhaps you are right, Colonel. But if one has a rival such as this Union—

Colonel. Yes, this Union is to both of you a thorn in the eye. There is not much in it that I praise; but it is a fact that in sounding alarm, in attack, in knock-down-blows it is more skilful than your paper. The articles are witty; and even if they are wrong, still you have to laugh at them.

Blumenberg. Never. In to-day's attack upon the best articles which the Coriolanus has brought out for a long time, I don't see a bit of wit.

Colonel. Attack on what articles?

Blumenberg. Yours, Colonel. I ought to have the paper with me. (*Searches and gives him a copy of the Union.*)

Colonel. Oldendorf's paper attacks my article! (*Reads.*) "We pity such ignorance."

Blumenberg. And here—

Colonel. "It is an unpardonable presumption." What, I was presuming?

Blumenberg. And here—

Colonel. "We are in doubt whether the *naivete* of the contributor is comic or sad, nowhere does he speak the truth." (*Throwing away the sheet.*) Oh, that is contemptible, that is vulgarity.

Ida, Oldendorf. (*Coming out of the garden.*)

Senden. Now the storm will break loose!

Colonel. Professor, your paper makes progress. In addition to the bad principles, there now appears something else, vulgarity.

Ida (amazed). Father!

Oldendorf (stepping forward). Colonel, what entitles you to make use of this abusive word?

Colonel (holding the paper out to him). Look here! That is in your paper, in your paper, Oldendorf.

Oldendorf. The mode of attack is not quite so rough as I might have wished.

Colonel (interrupting him). Not quite so rough! Really not?

Oldendorf. In the thing itself the attack is right.

Colonel. Sir, do you dare to say that to me?

Ida. Father!

Oldendorf. Colonel, I do not understand this humor, and I

beg you to take into consideration that we are talking before witnesses.

Colonel. Ask for no consideration. On you it would have rested to observe consideration for the man whose friendship you formerly professed so much.

Oldendorf. Have the candor to tell me before all in what relation you stand with regard to the attacked articles of the Coriolanus.

Colonel. In a very unessential relation, which in your eyes is too unimportant to deserve attention. The articles are by me!

Ida. O my God!

Oldendorf (hotly). By you? The articles in this gentleman's paper?

Ida (weeping). Oldendorf!

Oldendorf (more quietly). The Union has not attacked you, but an unknown person who to us was nothing else but a partisan of this gentleman. You would have spared us both this painful scene, if you only had not made a secret of the fact that you are a correspondent of the Coriolanus.

Colonel. You will have to put up with the fact that I did not take you further into my confidence concerning my actions. You have here given to me an impressive proof of friendship which makes me desire no further one.

Oldendorf (taking his hat). And I can only give you the assurance that I deeply regret the occurrence, but feel myself beyond all blame. I hope, Colonel, that you will obtain the same view of it after quiet consideration. Farewell, Miss, I commend myself to you. (*Goes away to the middle door*).

Ida (weeping). Do not let him go away from us thus!

Colonel. It is better than if he were to remain.

Adelaide.

Adelaide (entering in an elegant travelling costume, steps to the door at the same time with Oldendorf). Not so fast, Professor.

Oldendorf (*kisses her hand and goes away*).

Ida } (*Together*) *Adelaide!* (*Hastens into her arms*)
Colonel } *Adelaide! You there?*

Adelaide (*folding Ida to her, and stretching out her hand to the Colonel*). Shake hands with your country maid. Aunt greets you, and Rosemeadow salutes you humbly in its brown autumn dress. The fields are bare, and the dry leaves dance with the wind in the garden—Ah, Mr. von Senden!

Colonel (*placing him forward*). Mr. Blumenberg, the editor.

Senden. We are delighted to greet our wide-awake farming-girl.

Adelaide. And it would have given us pleasure to often meet our neighboring landowner in the country.

Colonel. He has much to do here, he is a great politician, and works actively for the good cause.

Adelaide. Yes, yes, we read of his doings in the papers. I drove yesterday over your field, your potato-crop is not yet gathered. Your steward has not been ready.

Senden. The people of Rosemeadow have the privilege of being eight days earlier than any others.

Adelaide. For that we are indebted to nothing but our good husbandry. (*In a friendly manner.*) The people of the neighborhood greet you.

Senden. I thank you. We wish those friends well who have a nearer claim on you, but still you grant me an interview to-day wherein I obtain the neighborhood news.

Adelaide (*bows*).

Senden. Farewell Colonel, (*to Ida*) I commend myself to your favor, Miss. (*Goes away with Blumenberg.*)

Ida (*embracing Adelaide*). I have you! Now everything will go well.

Adelaide. What will go well? Is there anything wrong? Out there someone passed by me more abruptly than used to be his custom—and here I see wet eyes and wrinkled brow (*kisses her*

on the eyelids). You must not spoil those pretty eyes.—And you, my worthy friend, give me a friendly look.

Colonel. You'll remain with us over winter, it is the first for a long time which you have given us; we will endeavor to deserve the favor.

Adelaide (seriously). It is the first time since my father's death that I have had the desire, to mingle with the world again. Besides, I have business here. You know I have become of age this summer, and our legal adviser, Counsellor Swarz demands my presence.—Listen Ida, the servants are unpacking, go see everything to rights! (*aside*) and put a wet cloth over your eyes, one can see that you have been weeping. (*Ida goes away on the right, Adelaide walking quickly to the Colonel.*) What's wrong with Ida and the Professor?

Colonel. A good deal would have to be said about that! I will not now destroy my happiness. It goes not well with us men, our opinions are too different.

Adelaide. Were not your views formerly as different? And yet your opinion of Oldendorf was so high.

Colonel. They were not so diverse.

Adelaide. Which of you then, has changed?

Colonel. Why he, of course! He has been led on to many things by his evil associations; there are certain men, journalists on his paper, above all a certain Bolz.

Adelaide (aside): What do I hear!

Colonel. But you know him well yourself, he hails from your neighborhood.

Adelaide. He is a Rosemeadow boy.

Colonel. I remember. Surely your deceased father, my brave General, could not bear him.

Adelaide. At least he sometimes said so.

Colonel. Since then this Bolz has been an eccentric fellow. They say he lives irregularly and his morals appear to me entirely too loose. He is Oldendorf's evil spirit.

Adelaide. That would be too bad! No, I do not believe it.

Colonel. What is it, Adelaide, you do not believe?

Adelaide (laughing). I do not believe in evil spirits. Whatever disagreeable has happened between you and Oldendorf can be arranged. To-day an enemy, tomorrow a friend, that's the way in politics; but Ida's sentiments will not change so fast. Colonel, I have brought with me a beautiful pattern for a dress, I will wear that new dress this winter as a bridesmaid.

Colonel. That is not to be thought of! So I will not allow myself to be caught, my girl. I will carry the war into the enemy's land. Why do you drive other people to the altar, and you yourself must perceive that all your neighbors call you in derision the Sleeping Beauty maiden agriculturist.

Adelaide (laughing). Yes, they do.

Colonel. The richest heiress of the whole region! Surrounded by a host of suitors, and shut up so fast against every passion; no one can understand it. ✓

Adelaide. My Colonel, if our young men were as lovable, as the older ones certainly are—O, but they are not.

Colonel. You shall not escape me. We will hold you fast in the city until someone of our young men is found whom you consider worthy, to march under your command; for if you marry him it will happen to him as with me, he will at last have always to be guided by your will.

Adelaide (quickly). Will you be guided by my will with regard to Ida and the Professor? Now I have got you fast.

Colonel. Will you grant my request, and this winter hold with us your betrothal?—Yes? Now I have caught you.

Adelaide. It is agreed! Shake hands! (*Extends her hand to him.*)

Colonel (shaking hands and laughing). That is getting the better of you. (*Goes away through the middle door.*)

Adelaide (alone). I think not! So, Mr. Konrad Bolz, is that your reputation amongst the people? You live irregularly?—You have loose morals? You are an evil spirit?

Korb.

Korb (coming out of the middle door with a package). Where shall I put the account books and papers, my lady?

Adelaide. In my room. Listen, dear Korb, did you find your room here in order?

Korb. In the most beautiful order. The servant has put two stearine candles there for me; it is great extravagance.

Adelaide. You need not stir a pen for this whole day; I want you to see the city and look up your acquaintances. You have acquaintances here I suppose?

Korb. Not very many, it is more than a year since I was here.

Adelaide (indifferently). Are there then no Rosemeadow people here?

Korb. There are four from the village amongst the soldiers. There is John Lutz, of Schimmelutz—

Adelaide. I know. Is there no one else from the village here whom you know?

Korb. No one else, of course besides him—

Adelaide. Besides *him*? Who is that?

Korb. Our Mr. Konrad, of course.

Adelaide. Oh yes, he! Do you not visit him? I believe you have always been good friends.

Korb. Shall I visit him? My first going will be to him. I have anticipated that during the whole journey. He is a true soul of whom the village can be proud.

Adelaide (warmly). Yes, he has a true heart!

Korb (eagerly). Always jolly and always friendly, and how he does cleave to the village! The poor gentleman, he has been so long away from it.

Adelaide. Quiet about that.

Korb. He will ask me about the property—

Adelaide (eagerly). And about the horses. The old sorrel horse on which he used to ride so gladly still lives.

Korb. And about the trees which he planted with you.

Adelaide. Especially the elder bush where my arbor now is; you tell him that.

Korb. And about the pond. Sixty times three score carp.

Adelaide. And three score gold tench, don't forget that. And the old carp with the copper ring around his body, which he put there, was drawn out at the last fish-taking, we put him back again.

Korb. And how he will ask about you, my lady!

Adelaide. Tell him that I am well.

Korb. And how you manage the estate since the General's death; and that you take his paper, which I read to the peasants.

Adelaide. That you need not say. (*Sighing to herself.*) In that way I will accomplish nothing! (*A pause, then with gravity.*) Listen, dear Korb, I have heard all manner of things about Mr. Bolz which have surprised me. He must live a very wild life.

Korb. Yes, I believe that, he always was a wild colt.

Adelaide. He must spend more money than he receives.

Korb. Yes, that is highly probable. But he spends it generously, I am convinced of that.

Adelaide (aside). From him I will get no consolation! (*Indifferently.*) Since now he has a good position, will he not be soon searching for a wife?

Korb. A wife? No he will not do that, that is not probable.

Adelaide. Yet I have heard something of the kind; at least somebody said something about his being very much interested in a young lady.

Korb. Ah, indeed. No, I don't believe it. (*Hastily.*) I will ask him about it right off, I think.

Adelaide. He will be the person least apt to tell you about it; but you might find out something from the friends and acquaintances of a man. Yet the people in the village ought to know it, if he marries someone away from Rosemeadow

Korb. Certainly, I must get to the bottom of it.

Adelaide. You will have to be very smart to catch him, you know how sly he is.

Korb. Oh, I will no doubt overreach him. I will discover something.

Adelaide. Go, dear Korb! (*Korb leaves.*) That was bad news which the Colonel gave me. Konrad unfit, unworthy! It is impossible. A noble purpose cannot alter thus. I do not believe a word of all that they have said to me about him. (*Goes away.*)

SCENE II.

Editorial Room of the Union. Doors in the middle and at each side. In the foreground to the left, a working-desk covered with papers and manuscripts, on the right a similar but smaller table, chairs.

[*Bolz* appearing through the side door on the right, afterwards *Müller* through the middle door].

Bolz (*hurriedly*). *Müller*! Factotum! Where is the mail?

Müller (*coming forward quickly with a bundle of letters and newspapers*). Here is the mail, Mr. *Bolz*—and here from the press-room the proof-sheet of our evening's edition for revision.

Bolz (*quickly opening the letters at the left-hand table, reading them and marking them with a lead pencil*). I have already made the revision, you old rascal.

Müller. Not fully. There are the miscellaneous notes which Mr. *Bellmaus* gave the compositor.

Bolz. Hand it here! (*reads the paper*). "Linen Stolen from the Attic—Triplets born—Concert, Concert, Club Meeting Theatre"—All in order—"A New-invented Locomotive; Th

Sea-serpent Seen." (*Jumping up.*) Thunder and lightning, he comes again with his old sea-serpent! I wish he would boil him to a jelly and had to eat him cold. (*Hastens to the right hand door.*) Bellmaus, monster, come here!

Bellmaus.

Bellmaus (*entering upon the right, pen in hand*). What is the matter? What's the noise about?

Bolz (*solemnly*). Bellmaus, when we showed the honor of entrusting to you the preparation of the locals for this paper, there was no intention that you should trail that everlasting, big sea-serpent through its columns!—How could you again bring forward that worn-out lie?

Bellmaus. It just suits. There were six lines lacking.

Bolz. That is an excuse, but it will not do. Write your own articles, what are you a journalist for? Make a little "contributed" as for example, "An Examination into Life in General," or about "The Freedom of Dogs in the Streets," or look up some story to make the hair stand on end, or perhaps an assassination according to the code, or "A Marmot has bitten to death Seven Sleeping Children" and so on. There are so many things that happen, and so very many which don't happen, that a decent newspaper man need never lack for news.

Bellmaus. Hand it here, I will change it. (*Goes to the table, looks into a sheet, cuts a clipping from it with a big pair of shears and glues it to the copy of the paper.*)

Bolz. Good, my son, do that and better yourself. (*Opening the right hand door.*) Kämpe, can you step here a moment? (*To Müller who waits at the door.*) Go ahead with the proof to the press-room. (*Müller takes the sheet from Bellmaus and hurries away.*)

Kampe.

Kampe (entering). I cannot do any writing if you make such a noise.

Bolz. Ah! What then have you written? Anything else but a love-letter to a ballet-girl, or an order for your tailor?

Bellmaus. No, he writes tender letters. He is seriously in love, for last night he took me for a moonlight walk, and spoke scornfully of all dissipations.

Kampe (who had seated himself comfortably). It is unfair for you gentlemen to call a fellow away from his work in order to make such bad jokes about him.

Bolz. Yes, yes, he slanders you openly if he asserts that you love anything else but your new boots, and yourself a little bit. You, little Bellmaus, are the one with the love-glowing nature. You glow like a little pastil, whenever you see a young lady. You flit around her glimmering and shining, and yet you have not once had the courage to talk to her. But we must have forbearance with him, for properly he is a lyric poet, this is why he trembles and reddens before the women, and is yet capable of beautiful emotions.

Bellmaus. I have no desire of having my poems constantly thrown up to me; have I ever yet recited them to you?

Bolz. No, heaven be praised, you haven't had the impudence to do that. (*Seriously.*) But to business, gentlemen! To-day's edition is ready, Oldendorf is not yet here, let us have a confidential talk about him. Oldendorf must become the city's representative in the next session, our party and the Union must accomplish that. What are our chances now?

Kampe. As good as can be. Our adversaries admit that no other candidate would be so dangerous to them, and our friends have altogether the brightest hopes. But you know how little that signifies—Here is the list of electors. Our election commit

tee sends you word that our estimates were correct. Of the one hundred electors of our city, without doubt, forty belong to us, probably as many stand upon the list of the other party, the rest, something like twenty votes, are uncertain. It is evident that the election will go with a very small majority.

Bolz. Of course we will have the majority, a majority of eight or ten votes, tell that everywhere with the greatest confidence. Many a one who is still unpledged will come over to us when he hears that we are the stronger. Where is the list of the uncertain electors? (*looks into it*). ✓

Kampe. I made that sign there, where, in the opinion of our friends, an acquisition is possible.

Bolz. Opposite that one name I see two crosses, what do they mean?

Kampe. That is Piepenbrink, the wine-merchant Piepenbrink. He has a great following in his ward, he is a well-to-do man and ought to command more than five or six votes from his adherents.

Bolz. We must have him. What kind of man is he?

Kampe. He is said to be very unpolished, and does not bother himself much about politics.

Bellmaus. But he has a sweet daughter.

Kampe. What good does his sweet daughter do? I would rather he had a horrid wife, then I would get at him easier.

Bellmaus. He has that, too, a lady with little curls and fiery red ribbons on her cap.

Bolz. With or without a wife the man must be ours.—Hush, someone is coming, that is Oldendorf's step. He need not know of our negotiations. Go to your rooms, gentlemen, this evening more about this.

Kampe (at the door). The agreement holds then for me to attack the Coriolanus's new correspondent of the arrow in our next number.

Bolz. Certainly, go into him above all others, attack him. A little scuffling is necessary now just before the election; and

the arrow articles are very vulnerable. (*Kampe and Bellman leave.*)

Oldendorf (entering through the middle door).

Oldendorf. Good-day, Konrad.

Bolz (sitting at the table poring over the list of electors). May thy entrance be peaceful! There lies the correspondence, it is trashy.

Oldendorf. Have you needed me here, today?

Bolz. No, dear boy, the evening number is ready, for to-morrow Kämpe will write the leading article.

Oldendorf. On what subject?

Bolz. A small outpost affair with the Coriolanus. Against that unknown correspondent of the arrow, who has attacked our party. But don't bother about it, I have told Kämpe to give a very dignified tone to the article.

Oldendorf. On no account! The article must not be written.

Bolz. I don't understand you. What has a man got political opponents for, if he must not attack them?

Oldendorf. Listen. These articles are written by the Colonel. He told me so himself to-day.

Bolz. The hell he did!

Oldendorf (gloomily). You can readily see that this confession was accompanied by other intimations which make my relations to the Colonel and his household now very unpleasant.

Bolz (seriously). And what did the Colonel demand from you?

Oldendorf. He will be satisfied if I resign the editorship of the paper and retire from candidacy.

Bolz. The Devil, he didn't demand much.

Oldendorf. These discords pain me. To you my friend, I cannot say that.

Bolz (stepping up to him and shaking his hand). Solen moment of manly emotions.

Oldendorf. At least don't be a fool. You can imagine how uncomfortable my position in the Colonel's house has become. The good old gentleman either cold or angry, his conversation spiced with biting sarcasms, Ida troubled, I often see that she has been weeping. If our party triumphs I will become deputy of the city, yet I fear every hope of my union with Ida is lost.

Bolz (warmly). And if you withdraw then our party will suffer a sore loss. (*Quickly and emphatically.*) The approaching session of the Chamber will be momentous for the State. The parties are nearly equal to each other. Every loss of one vote is a misfortune to our cause. Besides you we have no candidate in this city whose popularity is sufficient to make his election likely. If you withdraw from the election for any reason whatever then our opponents will triumph.

Oldendorf. It is a pity that it is as you say.

Bolz (still angrily). I will not persuade you with the confidence which I have in your talents, I am persuaded that you get into the Chamber and perhaps will serve the country as member of the ministry. I beg you to think of the pledges which you have given our political friends, who trust you, and to this paper, and to us who have worked hard three years in order that the name of Oldendorf which stands at the head of the page may become of consequence. It concerns your honor, and a moment's wavering in you would be wrong.

Oldendorf (with hesitation). You will be angry without cause. I, myself, consider it wrong to withdraw since you tell me that I am necessary to our cause. But if I confess to you, my friend, that this decision costs me a great price, I do not detract anything from our cause or the dignity of either of us.

Bolz (pacified). You are entirely right, you are a noble comrade, and so peace, friendship, courage! Your old Colonel will not be implacable.

Oldendorf. He has become intimate with Senden, who flatters him in all sorts of ways and as I fear has plans which concern me

closely. I would be still more concerned about it if I did not have a faithful ally in the Colonel's house; Adelaide Runeck has just arrived there.

Bolz. Adelaide Runeck? That's the last drop in the bucket (*Calling hurriedly through the right-hand door.*) Kämpe, the article against the knight of the arrow must not be written. Do you understand? /

Kämpe.

Kämpe (coming to the door, pen in hand). What must I write then?

Bolz. What, the Devil knows.—Listen, perhaps I can persuade Oldendorf to write the leading article for tomorrow, himself. But, anyhow, you must have something ready.

Kämpe. But what?

Bolz (angrily). Write for me about the exodus to Australia, don't suppose that will give any offense.

Kämpe. Good. Shall I write in favor of it or against it?

Bolz (quickly). Against it, of course. We need everybody who will work with us in our own country.—Picture Australia as a miserable hole, truthfully throughout but the blackest you can—How the kangaroo, rolled in a ball, jumps on the settler's head with incredible ferocity while the wild beasts bite him on the leg behind, how the gold prospector stands, in winter, up to his head in salt water, while in summer for three months he has not a drop to drink, and if he survives all that, he will at last be roasted by thieving aborigines. Make it very deep and at the end place the last market quotation of Australian wool taken from the Times. The necessary books you will find in the library. (*Closes the door.*)

Oldendorf (at the table). You know the Runeck? She inquires frequently in her letters to Ida after you.

Bolz. Ah? Yes, I used to know her. We are from the same

village, she from the castle, I from the parsonage, my father raised us together. Oh, yes, I know her.

Oldendorf. How comes it that you have become so estranged from each other? You never speak of her.

Bolz. Well! The old story, family quarrels; Montague and Capulet. I haven't seen her for a long time.

Oldendorf (laughing). I hope politics have not come between you two also.

Bolz. Politics, to be sure, had something to do with our separation. You see it is a common misfortune for friendship to be destroyed by party disputes.

Oldendorf. It is sad! In matters of faith every polished gentleman will tolerate the other's convictions, but in politics we treat each other like scoundrels, because the one differs a few shades from his neighbor in color.

Bolz (aside). Material for the next article! (*Aloud.*) The one is colored like his neighbor, in my opinion. We must say that in our paper. (*Beseechingly.*) Listen, such a virtuous little article: An exhortation to our constituents, a warning to our opponents! For they are still our brothers! (*Still more beseechingly.*) Oldendorf, that would be a theme for you in which there is virtue and humanity; writing it will distract your attention, and you owe the paper an article on account of the attacking article which you forbade. Do me the favor! Write there in the rear room, no one shall disturb you.

Oldendorf (laughing). You are a base intriguer!

Bolz (forcing him from his seat). Please, you will find paper and ink there. Come, my treasure, come. (*Accompanies him to the left-hand door. Oldendorf goes away, Bolz calling after him.*) Will you have a cigar? An old "Ugues"? (*Draws a cigar case from his pocket.*) No? Don't write too little, it shall be a leading article! (*Shuts the door, calls through the right-hand door.*) The Professor will write that article himself, see that no one disturbs him. (*Walks to the front of the stage.*) That's done, I

hope.—Adelaide here in the city?—When will I ever get like her! Always charmingly indifferent. You, my old Bolz, are no longer the sunburnt lad from the pastor's garden, and if you were, she has long been different from what she was. The grass has grown over the grave of an unalterable childish affection. Why do you again beat so violently now, dear heart? She is just as far away from you here in the city, as on her estate. (*Sitting down and playing with a lead pencil.*) I will say nothing about coldness! The salamander grumbled when he sat in the fire.

Korb.

Korb. Can I find Mr. Bolz here?

Bolz (jumping up). Korb! Dear Korb! Welcome, heartily welcome. It is good that you did not forget me. (*Shakes his hand.*) I am very glad to see you.

Korb. And so am I! Here we are in the city! The whole village sends respects to you! From Adam the stable-boy—he is now head servant—to the old night-watchman, whose horn you once hung on top of the tower. Isn't this a joy?

Bolz. How is the young lady? Tell me old fellow!

Korb. She is now very well. But we have had sorrow. The late General was sick four years, that was a bad time. You know he was always an irritable gentleman.

Bolz. Yes, he was hard to manage.

Korb. And especially so when sick. But the young lady nursed him so tenderly, and finally became as pale as a lamb. Now, since he is dead, she manages the estate alone like the best kind of farmer. Again there are good times in the village. I will tell you everything, but not till this evening. My lady is waiting for me, I only rushed in a moment to tell you we are here.

Bolz. Not so fast, Korb. The people in the village also think of me still.

Korb. I will say that. Nobody understands why you don't come to see us. So long as the old gentleman still lived it was something different, but now—

Bolz (seriously). My parents are dead, a stranger lives in the parsonage!

Korb. But we still live at the castle! The mistress would certainly be glad—

Bolz. Does she still remember me?

Korb. Of course. Only to-day she asked after you.

Bolz. What for, old fellow?

Korb. She asked me whether it was true that the people say that, you have become a wild fellow, make debts, court the girls, play the Devil.

Bolz. Oh, my! You cleared me?

Korb. Of course! I told her that all that with you was a matter of course.

Bolz. The deuce! Does she think that of me? Listen, Korb, Miss Adelaide, I suppose has many beaux.

Korb. The sands of the sea are nothing to them.

Bolz (fretfully). Well, in the end, she can't choose but one of them.

Korb (slyly). Ah? But which one? That is the question.

Bolz. Which one do you think?

Korb. Well that is hard to say. There is this Mr. von Senden, who now lives in the city. If he gets a chance he might be the man. He is as busy around us as a bee. Awhile ago as I was going out he sent a full dozen invitation cards for the "Ressource" banquet to our house. It must be a Ressource indeed where the best people go arm in arm with the ragtag-and-bobtail.

Bolz. Yes, it is a political society of which Senden is director. It wants to hold a great sein-hauling for electors. And the Colonel and the ladies will go there?

Korb. So I hear; I too have received a card.

Bolz (to himself). Has it gone so far? Poor Oldendorf? And Adelaide at Mr. von Senden's club banquet!

Korb (to himself). How only can I manage to get behind his love affairs? (*Aloud.*) Listen, Mr. Konrad, one thing more. Have you perchance a good friend in this business here with you, to whom you could recommend me?

Bolz. Why, old fellow?

Korb. It is only—I am a stranger here in this place, and have many commissions and duties that I do not know how to attend to, and I would like to have some one here from whom I might get information if at any time you are not here, or with whom I can leave anything for you.

Bolz. You can find me here almost the whole day. (*Walks to the door.*) Bellmaus!

Bellmaus.

Look at this gentleman, he is a worthy old friend of mine from my native village. If he should ever miss me, you take my place.—This is Mr. Bellmaus, and is a good fellow.

Korb. I am glad of your acquaintance, Mr. Bellmaus.

Bellmaus. I also, sir—you have not told me the name.

Bolz. Korb! of the great family of coal-baskets. He has had much to hold in his life, even me he has often carried on his back.

Bellmaus. I am delighted, too, Mr. Korb (*shake hands*).

Korb. So, it is settled, and now I must go, or my lady will be waiting.

Bolz. Farewell until an early meeting. (*Korb goes away, Bellmaus off through the right-hand door.*)

Bolz (above). This Senden also sues for her. Oh, that is bitter.

Henning followed by Müller.

Henning (comes in hurriedly in a dressing-gown, a printed paper in his hand). Your servant, Mr. Bolz! Is confectioner or confectioner right?

Bolz (thoughtfully). My brave Mr. Henning, the Union prints it confectioner.

Henning. I said so. (*To Müller.*) It must be changed, the machine is waiting for it. (*Müller goes hurriedly off.*) I have read the leading article with pleasure. It is perhaps by you. It is very good but too sharp, dear Mr. Bolz; mustard and pepper, that will make them mad, that will make bad blood.

Bolz (angered, to himself). I have always had an antipathy to this man.

Henning (grieved). How? What? Mr. Bolz? You have an antipathy to me?

Bolz. To whom? No, dear Mr. Henning, you are a fine man, and would be the best of all newspaper proprietors if you were not sometimes a timid hare. (*Embraces him.*) My regards to Mrs. Henning, sir, and will you leave me alone, I am thinking about the next article.

Henning (while he is forced out). Now do write real mildly and benevolently, dear Mr. Bolz.

Bolz (alone, and again walking up and down). Senden outwits me whenever he can; he would take away from me the thing which would bring everything else into harness. Should he guess—

Müller.

Müller (hurriedly). A strange lady wishes to pay her respects.

Bolz (quickly). A lady? And to me?

Müller. To the editor. (*Hands him a card.*)

Bolz (reads). "Leontine Pavoni-Gessler, *nee* Melloni, from Paris."—She must be an *artiste*. Is she pretty?

Müller. Ahem! So-so!

Bolz. Then tell her that we regret we could not have the pleasure, the editorial room is having its great wash-day to-day.

Müller. What?

Bolz (sharply). Washing clothes, washing the children's clothes, that we sit up to our elbows in soapsuds.

Müller (laughing). Shall I—?

Bolz (impatiently). You are a tow-head! (*Goes to the door.*)
Bellmaus!

Bellmaus.

Stay here and receive this visit. (*Gives him the card.*)

Bellmaus. Ah, that is the new ballet dancer that is expected here. (*Examining his coat.*) But I have not made my toilet.

Bolz. All the more toilet will she have made. (*To Müller.*)
In with the lady! (*Exit Müller.*)

Bellmaus. But I really cannot—

Bolz (angrily). Go to the Devil! Don't put on airs. (*Walks to the table, throws his papers into the drawer and seizes his hat.*)

Madame Pavoni.

Madame Pavoni. Have I the honor to see before me the editor of the Union?

Bellmaus (bowing). To be sure—That's what I'm called. Will you not have the goodness to sit down? (*Pushes forward a chair.*)

Bolz. Adelaide is sharp-sighted and shrewd. How does it happen that she does not see through that fellow?

Madame Pavoni. Mr. Editor, the courageous articles about art which adorn your paper, have prompted me—

Bellmaus. Pray do not mention it.

Bolz (with decision). I must procure for myself an entrance to this "Ressource" banquet! (*Goes off with a bow to the lady.*)
Bellmans and Madame Pavoni sitting opposite to each other.

The curtain falls.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Colonel's Garden-hall.

[In the foreground on the right *Ida* and *Adelaide*, near *Adelaide* the *Colonel*, all seated. In front of them a table with a coffee service.]

Colonel (*in conversation with Adelaide laughing*). An excellent story and drolly told. I am heartily glad that you are with us, dear Adelaide, now something else besides those tiresome politics will be talked about at our table! Ahem! The Professor does not come to-day. He used not to miss the hour for coffee. (*A pause: Adelaide and Ida glancing at each other.*)

Ida (*sighs*).

Adelaide. Perhaps he had to work.

Ida. Or he is angry with us because I am going this evening to the fete.

Colonel (*angrily*). Silly stuff, you are not his wife, not even his acknowledged *fiancée*. You are in your father's house and belong in my circle. Ahem, I notice he lays it up against me that I have recently spoken out my opinion. I believe I was a little hot.

Adelaide (*shaking her head*). Yes, a little so, I hear.

Ida. He is afraid of your tempers, dear father.

Colonel. Well, I have reason enough to be mad, don't remind me of it. And that he still allows himself to be entangled in this election is unpardonable. (*Strides up and down.*) Yet send for him this once, *Ida*.

Ida (*rings*).

Karl.

Our compliments to the Professor and we await him at the coffee. (*Exit Karl.*)

Colonel. Now, that awaiting him was not entirely correct, we have already drank it.

Adelaide. My Ida has not.

Ida. Be quiet.

Adelaide. Now why has he allowed himself to be put forward as a candidate? He has business enough without that.

Colonel. It's all ambition, my girl. In these young gentlemen the devil of ambition rules, he drives them, as the steam does the locomotive.

Ida. No, father, he has not thought of himself in the matter.

Colonel. That is not expressed so nakedly; I will make a career, or I will become a distinguished man. That is arranged more delicately. Then his good friends come and say: It is a duty to the good cause that you do—It is a crime against the Fatherland if you do not—It is a sacrifice for you, but we demand it. And so a pretty mantle of vanity will be put on, and the candidate comes forth, of course, out of pure patriotism. Don't teach an old soldier to know the world. We, dear Adelaide, sit quietly by and laugh at these weaknesses.

Adelaide. And treat them with forbearance, if we have as good a heart as you.

Colonel. Yes, experience makes one wise.

Karl.

Karl. Mr. von Senden and two other gentlemen.

Colonel. What do they wish? Very welcome! (*Exit Karl.*) Allow me children, to bring them in here. Senden does not tarry long, he is a restless spirit. (*The ladies rise.*)

Ida. The hour is again destroyed for us.

Adelaide. Don't worry over it, we will have so much the more time for our toilet. (*Adelaide and Ida go away to the left.*)

Senden, Blumenberg, and a third gentleman.

Senden. Colonel, we come at the order of the committee on the approaching election, to inform you that a resolution has been unanimously passed by the committee to put you forward, Colonel, as the candidate of our party.

Colonel. Me?

Senden. The committee requests you to give your consent to this decision, in order that the necessary announcement may be made this evening at the fete to the electors.

Colonel. Do you speak in earnest, dear Senden? How did the committee hit upon that thought?

Senden. Colonel, the president who should have represented our city according to a former agreement, has thought it necessary to become a candidate in a district of the province; no one besides him lives in our city who is so well known and so much liked by the citizens as you are. If you grant our request then our party is certain of the victory; if you decline it there is the greatest probability that our opponents will accomplish their purpose. You will agree with us that such a result must be avoided under all circumstances.

Colonel. I see all that, but it is impossible for me, on personal grounds, to serve our friends in this matter.

Senden (to the rest). Allow me to state one thing to the Colonel which perhaps will make him inclined to our wishes. (*Blumenberg and the other gentleman go away into the garden where they continue to be in sight.*)

Colonel. But Senden, how could you place me in this dilemma? You know that Oldendorf has been intimate at my house for years, and that it must be very unpleasant for me to come out openly against him.

Senden. Has the Professor really such an attachment to you and your house, then he now has the best opportunity to show it. Of course he will immediately withdraw.

Colonel. I am not entirely convinced of that; in many things he is very stiff-necked.

Senden. If he doesn't withdraw then such egotism can scarcely be called stiff-neckedness. And in that event you owe hardly any duty to him; a duty, Colonel, which would bring harm to the whole country. Besides he has no chance of being elected if you accept, for you will beat him with a small but sure majority.

Colonel. Is this majority then, sure for us?

Senden. I believe I can warrant it. Blumenberg and the other gentleman have applied to it very close inspection.

Colonel. It would serve the Professor right if he had to retire. But no, — no, it will not do, my friend.

Senden. We know, Colonel, what a sacrifice we demand of you, and that nothing can repay you for it, but the consciousness of having performed a great service for your country.

Colonel. Of course.

Senden. They would see that too in Berlin, and I am convinced that your entrance into the Chamber will call forth great joy in other circles than your numerous friends and admirers.

Colonel. I would meet many old friends and comrades there. (*To himself.*) I would be presented at court.

Senden. Lately the Minister of War inquired after you with great warmth; he must be a war comrade of yours.

Colonel. Oh, yes, we stood as young cocks in the same company, and had many a mad prank together. It would be a pleasure to me to see him when he draws his honest face in deep wrinkles in the chamber; in the regiment he was a wild devil, but a brave youth.

Senden. And he will not be the only one who would receive you with open arms.

Colonel. At all events I must consider the matter.

Senden. Don't be angry, Colonel, if I press you to decide for us. This evening we must place their candidate before the citizens who have been invited, it is high time if all is not to be lost.

Colonel (hesitatingly). Senden, you put the knife to my throat. (*Senden beckons the gentlemen towards him from the garden.*)

Blumenberg. We dare to press you, because we know that so good a soldier as you are, Colonel, makes his decision quickly.

Colonel (after an inward struggle). Well, so be it, gentlemen, I accept. Tell the committee that I know how to value their confidence. This evening we will speak of the details.

Blumenberg. We thank you, Colonel, the whole city will receive your decision with joy.

Colonel. Till we meet again this evening! (*Gentlemen leave. Colonel alone, meditating.*) I should not have accepted so quickly, but I must do the pleasure of the Minister of War. What will the girls say to it; and Oldendorf?

Oldendorf.

There he is himself. (*Clears his throat.*) He will be surprised, I can do nothing for him, he must withdraw. Good day, Professor, you come in the nick of time.

Oldendorf (hastily). Colonel, they tell me in the city that Mr. Von Senden's party has nominated you as its candidate; I beg you for the assurance from your own lips that you would not accept such an election.

Colonel. If the offer had been made me, why should I not accept it as well as you? Yes, sooner than you; for the motives which could arouse me will at all events stand the test better than your reasons.

Oldendorf. Then there is something in the rumor?

Colonel. Out with it, it is the truth, I have accepted, you see in me your opponent.

Oldendorf. That is the worst of all which has till now brought

trouble into our intercourse. Colonel, could not the recollection of a friendship which was for years cordial and undisturbed, move you to avoid this disagreeable struggle?

Colonel. I could not do otherwise, Oldendorf, believe me; it is your place now to remember our old friendship. You are the younger man, not to mention other relations; it is incumbent on you to withdraw.

Oldendorf (warmly). Colonel, I have known you for years, and I know how warm and passionate your feelings are, and how little your fiery disposition is suited to undergo the petty vexations of the day's politics, the galling struggle of debate. O my worthy friend, heed my request and withdraw your acceptance.

Colonel. Let that be my care; I am an old tree of hard wood. Think about yourself, dear Oldendorf. You are young, you have a profession as a scholar, your knowledge insures you all manner of success. Why do you wish to get into another occupation, where instead of honor and recognition there is nothing but hatred, derision, and neglect? For with your views they will not be left out. Think over it. Be wise, and withdraw.

Oldenberg. If I could follow my wishes, Colonel, I would do it on the spot. I am bound to my friends in this fight, I cannot possibly withdraw.

Colonel (warmly). And I, too, cannot withdraw without harming the good cause. There, we are as far apart as in the beginning. (*To himself.*) The stubborn fellow. (*Both walk up and down on opposite sides of the stage.*) But you have no chance of being elected, Oldendorf; it is certain that the majority of the votes belong to my friends; You expose yourself to certain defeat. (*Good humoredly.*) I wouldn't like you to be struck down before all the people by me, that will cause talk and scandal. Think of it! It is quite needless to provoke the duel.

Oldendorf. If all that were as certain as you take it to be, Colonel, still I would have to hold on till the end. But so far as I can predict the vote, the result is not near so certain. And consider, Colonel, if it happen that you go under—

Colonel (angrily). I tell you it cannot happen.

Oldendorf. But if it were to happen, how unpleasant that would be for both of us! With what a feeling would you then look upon me! A defeat perhaps would be welcome to my heart, to you it would be a deep mortification, and Colonel, I fear this possibility.

Colonel. So much the more reason why you should withdraw.

Oldendorf. I no longer can, but you still could.

Colonel (hotly). Thunder, sir! I have already said yes, and I am not the man to place a no after it. (*Both stride up and down.*) Thus it would be to the end, Professor. My wishes are worth nothing to you, I might have been able to know that. Each one of us may go his own way. We have become open opponents, we will be honorable enemies of each other.

Oldendorf (grasping the Colonel's hand). Colonel, I hold this day a very unhappy one, for I see that a sadder one is following it. Be assured that under all circumstances my love and attachment to you will not be checked.

Colonel. At last our position is like that before a battle. You will be slaughtered by an old soldier; you shall have your wish.

Oldendorf. I beg permission to repeat our conversation to Miss Ida.

Colonel (somewhat nervously). It is better that you should not do that, Professor; there will be found an opportunity. The ladies are at present making their toilet. I will tell them myself what is necessary.

Oldendorf. Good-bye, Colonel, and think of me without ill will.

Colonel. I will do whatever is possible in that direction Professor. (*Oldendorf goes away.*) — He has not given way. What kind of an ambition sits in this scholar!

Ida, Adelaide.

Ida. Was not that Oldendorf's voice?

Colonel. Yes, my child.

Adelaide. And he has gone away again? Has something happened?

Colonel. Of course, girl. In brief as follows, not Oldendorf, but I, will be the city's representative.

Adelaide } (together). You Colonel?
Ida } You Father?

Ida. Has Oldendorf withdrawn?

Adelaide. Is the election over?

Colonel. Neither of the two. Oldendorf has proved his much boasted attachment to us, by not withdrawing, and the day of election is not yet over. Still there is no doubt, after all that I hear, that Oldendorf is defeated.

Ida. And you, Father, have become his opponent before all the world?

Adelaide. And what did Oldendorf say to that, Colonel?

Colonel. Don't excite me, girl! — Oldendorf was obstinate, if he had shown the proper attitude all would be right in that direction. The reasons which have caused me to make this sacrifice are very weighty, I will detail them to you another time. The matter is decided, I have accepted, let that suffice you now.

Ida. But, dear Father—

Colonel. Let me alone, *Ida*, I have something else to think about. This evening I have to speak in public, that was always the custom at such a nomination.—Don't fear, my child, we shall get the better of the Professor and his crowd. (*Colonel goes away to the garden.*)

Ida (and *Adelaide* standing opposite to each other and wringing their hands). What do you say to it?

Adelaide. You are his daughter, what do you say to it?

Ida. Isn't it strange how Father acts! He had hardly explained to us thoroughly what a paltry cloak ambition clothes itself with at such nominations.

Adelaide. Yes, he describes it very vividly. The cap and bournous of vanity.

Ida. And now afterwards he allows himself to put on the garment himself. It is horrible!—And if Father is not elected? It was wrong in Oldendorf not to give way to Father's weakness. Is that your love for me, Mr. Professor? He has not even thought of me!

Adelaide. I tell you what, we will wish that both of them may be beaten. These politics! It was bad enough for you when only one of them was in politics; and now that both of them drink of that maddening potion you are undone in any event. If I ever happen to take any man into my heart, I would place on him only one condition, my old aunt's wise rule of life: Smoke tobacco, my husband, perhaps it does destroy the carpet, but don't dare to ever read a paper, that will ruin your character.

Korb (appears at the door).

What do you bring, Korb?

Korb (hurriedly and secretly). It is not true.

Adelaide (also secretly). What is not true?

Korb. That he has a sweetheart, he thinks nothing about it; his friend says he has only one love.

Adelaide (hastily). Who is she?

Korb. His paper.

Adelaide (relieved). Ah, so! (*Aloud.*) There you can see how untruthful is people's talk. That is good, dear Korb! (*Korb goes away.*)

Ida. What is untrue?

Adelaide (sighing). Oh, that we women are wiser than the men, we talk ever so wisely, and I fear, we have ever so great a

desire to forget our wisdom at the first opportunity. We are altogether poor sinners !

Ida. You can joke, you have never experienced having your father and dear friend standing opposite each other in hostility.

Adelaide. Do you mean?—But I have had a good friend who had given her heart foolishly to a nice overbearing fellow, she was then yet a child and it was a very heartstirring affection. Nightly homage on his side and tender sighs on hers. Then the young heroine had the misfortune to become jealous, and she forgot poetry and manners so far as to box the jaws of the chosen knight of her heart. It was only a little bit of a box, but it was fatal. The young lady's father had seen it, and demanded an explanation. Then the young knight did what a real hero must do, he took the whole blame upon himself, and told the frightened father that he had demanded a kiss from the lady—Poor young man, never was he so presuming as that—a blow was the answer. The father was a severe man, he wronged the youth. The hero was far away from his family, from his home, and the heroine sat alone in her tower window and wept for the lost one.

Ida. She ought to have told her father the truth.

Adelaide. Oh, she did, but her confession made the trouble worse. Many years have passed since that time, and the knight and his lady are now old people, and very sensible.

Ida (laughing). And don't they love each other more dearly because they are sensible?

Adelaide. Dear child, what the gentleman thinks I cannot tell you so certainly ; after the death of her father he wrote the young lady a very beautiful letter, further I know nothing ; but the lady has more trust than you, she still hopes. (*Earnestly.*) Yes, she hopes and her father gave her permission to do that before his death,—you see she hopes still.

Ida (embracing her). And who is the rejected one for whom she hopes?

Adelaide. Be quiet, my love, that is a dark secret. Only a

few living beings know of that ; and when the birds in the trees at Rosemeadow tell each other about it they treat the story as a dim tradition of their forefathers, they then sing softly and plaintively and their feathers bristle up with awe.—In time you shall know all, now think of the fête, and how sweet you shall look.

Ida. On this side my father, on the other my lover, how shall it end?

Adelaide. Never mind. The one is an old soldier, the other a young statesman, open characters such as, in all times, have been twisted around our little fingers by us women. (*Both leave.*)

SCENE II.

Side room of an open hall. The background a great arch with pillars, through which one can see the illuminated hall, and behind that into a second. To the front, on the left a door, on the right tables and chairs ; a chandelier ; later, from time to time, distant music.

[In the hall gentlemen and ladies are standing, or are walking to and fro in groups. *Senden*, *Blumenberg*, and behind them *Schmock*, appear from the hall.]

Senden. All goes well. A superb humor amongst the guests. These good citizens are delighted with our arrangement.—That with the fete was an excellent thought of yours, *Blumenberg*.

Blumenberg. If you only make it so that the people will get warmed up quickly. Some music does good service in the beginning, Vienna dances are the best on account of the ladies. Then comes the speech from you, then some vocal pieces, and at the table, the introduction of the Colonel and the toasts ! It cannot

fail, the people must have hearts of stone if they do not give their votes out of thanks for such a fete.

Senden. The toasts are allotted.

Blumenberg. But the music? Why is the music silent?

Senden. I only await the arrival of the Colonel.

Blumenberg. He must be received with a flourish; that will flatter him, you know.

Senden. So it is arranged. Immediately after, a march will begin and we will lead him in in procession.

Blumenberg. Very good. That will give impressiveness to his entrance. Think about your speech now; be popular, for we are in a great crowd this evening.

Guests, among them Henning.

Senden (doing the honors with Blumenberg). Very happy to see you here.—We knew that you would not fail us.—Is this your wife?

Guests. Yes, this is my wife, Mr. von Senden.

Senden. You with us also, Mr. Henning? Welcome, worthy sir!

Henning. I was invited by my friend, and was indeed inquisitive. I hope my presence here will be unpleasant to no one?

Senden. On the contrary. We are delighted to greet you here. (*The guests go off through the middle door, Senden in conversation with them.*)

Blumenberg. He understands how to lead people. That is this gentleman's good manners. He is useful; he is useful to me too; he leads the others and I lead him. (*Turning around he sees Schmuck who is loitering at the door.*) What are you doing here? Why do you stand around and listen? You are no gate clerk of the excise. Take care that you don't remain around me. Mingle with the company.

Schmuck. To whom shall I go, if I have no acquaintances among all these people? You are my only acquaintance.

Blumenberg. Why need you say to the people that I am your acquaintance. It is no honor to me to stand with you.

Schmock. If it is no honor, certainly it is no disgrace. I can go alone too.

Blumenberg. Have you got money so that you can eat something? Go to the restaurant keeper, and let him give you something on my account. The committee will pay for it.

Schmock. I will not go there, to eat. I don't need to spend anything, I have eaten. (*Distant flourish of trumpets and a march. Blumenberg goes away. Schmock alone, steps to the front, angrily.*) I hate him, I will tell him that I hate him, and that I despise him to the bottom of my heart. (*Turning to go away. Turning around.*) Yet I cannot tell him that for he will then strike out everything in the correspondence which I write for his paper. I will see if I cannot swallow it down. (*Goes away through the middle door.*)

(*Bolz, Kämpe, Bellmaus enter at the side door.*)

Bolz (marching in). Here we are in the house of the Capulet. (*Pantomime of sheathing his sword.*) Conceal your swords with roses, puff out your cheeks, and look as foolish and inoffensive as possible. And above all begin no quarrel for me, and if you meet this Tybalt, Senden, be so kind as to sneak off around the corner. (*One can see the polonaise being danced through the rear saloon.*) You Romeo, Bellmaus, be on your guard against the women, I see there more curls flying, and more handkerchiefs waving than is good for your heart's ease.

Kämpe. We bet a flask of champagne, if any of us gets into a row, you will be the one.

Bolz. Possibly, but I promise you that you shall receive your full share of it.—Now listen to my plan of operations. You, Kämpe—

Schmock.

Hello, who is that?—Thunder, the factotum of the Coriolanus! Our disguise has not held out long.

Schmock (who before the last words had evidently been observing from the door, stepping forward). I wish you a pleasant evening, Mr. Bolz.

Bolz. I wish you the same in yet greater degree, Mr. Schmock.

Schmock. Could I not speak a few words with you?

Bolz. A few? Don't ask too many, noble armor-bearer of the Coriolanus. Two dozen words shall you have but no more.

Schmock. Could you not give me employment on your paper?

Bolz (to Kümpe and Bellmaus). Listen? On our paper? Well! You demand a great deal, noble Roman!

Schmock. I have had enough of the Coriolanus.—I would do everything for you, that you have to be done. I should like to be with honest fellows where one has his pay and decent treatment.

Bolz. What do you desire from us, Roman slave? You want us to draw you away from your party? Never! You want us to outrage your political convictions? To make you an apostate? You want us to bear the blame of your coming to our party? Never! Our conscience is tender, it revolts against your offer.

Schmock. Why do you bother yourself about that? I have learned from Blumenberg to write in all directions. I have written left and again right. I can write in all directions.

Bolz. I see you have a character. You cannot help succeeding on our paper. Your offer does us honor, but we can hardly accept it. Such a world-shaking occurrence as your conversion will be pondered maturely.—You should not have given your confidence about this to any unfeeling barbarian.—(*Aside to the others.*) Perhaps something can be pumped out of him!—Bellmaus, you have the kindest heart of us three, you must look out for him this evening.

Bellmaus. But what shall I do with him?

Bolz. Take him to the restaurant, seat yourself with him in a corner and pour punch into every cranny of his poor head, until his secrets jump out like wet mice. Make him talk, especially about the election. Go, little one, and be nice and circumspect, that you do not become warm yourself and tattle.

Bellmaus. In this way I will not see much of the fete.

Bolz. No, you will not, my son! But what is the fete to you? Heat, dust, and ancient dance music! Besides, we will tell you all about it in the morning, and finally you are a poet, and can imagine everything much more beautiful than it really is. So I am not sorry for you. Your role seems thankless, but is the most important of all for it demands coolness and cunning. Go, my mouse, and beware of overheating yourself.

Bellmaus. I will be sorry for myself, my Mr. Cat.—Come Schmock. (*Bellmaus and Schmock leave.*)

Bolz. I will be good if we two separate.

Kampe. I am going to watch the voting. If I need you I will look for you.

Bolz. I don't dare to show myself much, I will remain around here. (*Kampe leaves.*) Alone at last! (*Walks to the middle door.*) There stands the Colonel, surrounded by a dense circle! There *she* is!—She is here, and I must lie in concealment like a fox beneath the leaves!—But she has falcon eyes,—perhaps—the skein is loosed, she goes arm in arm with Ida through the room. (*Joyfully.*) They are coming nearer! (*Angrily.*) Oh, woe! There is Korb rushing toward me! Just now!

Korb.

Korb. Mr. Konrad, I trust not my eyes, you here at this fete?

Bolz (*hurriedly*). Be quiet, old fellow, I am not here without a purpose. I can confide in you since you belong to us.

Korb. With body and soul. In all the talk and confusion, I am constantly crying out to myself: Long live the Union! Here it is. (*Shows a newspaper in his pocket.*)

Bolz. Good, Korb. You can do me a great service. Bellmans is sitting in the corner of the restaurant with a stranger. He ought to pump the stranger, but he can't stand much, and gets tipsy easily. You will do the party a great service if you go there quickly, and drink punch so as to support Bellmans. I know that you are invulnerable from old times.

Korb (quickly). I go.—But you always have some trick in your head. Trust to me, the stranger shall go under and the Union triumph. (*Goes away quickly. Music ceases.*)

Bolz. Poor Schmock!—(*Walks to the door.*) Ah, they are walking still through the hall, Ida is spoken to, she remains standing, Adelaide walks on. (*Joyfully.*) She comes, she comes alone.

X

Adelaide.

Adelaide (as though walking by the door, steps quickly into it, Bolz bows). Konrad, my dear Doctor. (*Extends her hand to him.*)

Bolz (bows low over her hand).

Adelaide (with joyful emotion). I recognized you immediately at a distance. Show me your honest face. Yes, it is changed a little. A scar, somewhat more brown, and a small line about the mouth—I hope that it is from laughing.

Bolz. If there ever was anything nearer to me than laughter, it is only a bygone sadness of my soul. I see myself double like a melancholy Highlander. My long and happy childhood steps life-like before my eyes with you. All that it brought of joy and pain I feel again as vividly as if I were still the boy who once went into the woods for you, in search of adventure and caught robins.—And yet the beautiful form which I see before me is so

different from that of my playmate that I conclude that it is only a sweet dream that I dream.—Your eyes beam as kindly as they used to but—(*bowing slightly.*) I have now scarce the right to think of old dreams.

Adelaide. Perhaps I, too, have not changed as much as you think.—And however much we both have changed, we have still remained good friends, have we not, Doctor?

Bolz. Before the smallest portion of the right which I have to your sympathy is given up, I will rather write, print and distribute a spiteful article against myself.

Adelaide. And still you have been so proud that you have not looked up your friend in the city until now. Why are you a stranger to the Colonel's house?

Bolz. I am not a stranger to him. On the contrary, I have there a very honorable place which I retain at the best by going there as little as possible. The Colonel, and his daughter Ida as well, appease their displeasure towards Oldendorf and the paper nicely by seeing in me the Evil-doer, with horns and claws. Such a tender regard must be treated with indulgence; a devil cannot make himself common by appearing every day.

Adelaide. But I beg you now to surrender this exalted position. I will remain in the city through the winter, and I hope you will appear like a citizen of this world with my friends for the friend of your youth.

Bolz. In any role that you assign to me.

Adelaide. Also in that of an ambassador of peace between the Colonel and Oldendorf.

Bolz. If the peace can only be purchased by Oldendorf's withdrawing, No.—But otherwise I am ready for all good work.

Adelaide. But I fear that the peace can only be bought at this price. You see, Mr. Konrad, we too have become opponents.

Bolz. To do anything against your wishes is terrible to me, although I am a son of hell. So my angel, too, wishes and demands that Oldendorf shall not be representative.

Adelaide. I do wish and demand it, my Sir Devil.

Bolz. It is hard. You have so many gentlemen in your heaven with whom you can present Miss Ida; why then must you carry off his only soul, the Professor, for a poor devil?

Adelaide. Now, the Professor I will have, and you shall resign him to me.

Bolz. I am in doubt, I would tear my hair if this place were not so unsuitable for it. I fear your displeasure. I tremble at the thought that this election can be distasteful to you.

Adelaide. Then seek to prevent the election.

Bolz. I can't do that, but as soon as it is over, it will be my fate to grieve over your displeasure and become down-hearted. I will retire from the world, even to the desolate North Pole; there I will play dominoes for the rest of my life with the polar bears, or promulgate the elements of journalistic improvements amongst the seals. That will be easier to bear than an angry look from your eyes.

Adelaide (laughing). Yes, that's the way you always were. You promised everything, and yet acted after your own will. But before you go to the North Pole try once more to appease me here. (*Kämpfe comes in sight at the door.*)

Hush! I expect your visit. Farewell, my refound friend.

Bolz. There, my good angel turns her back on me in anger! Now I have irretrievably fallen to thee, thou witch of politics! (*Goes away quickly through the middle door.*)

Piepenbrink, Mrs. Piepenbrink, Bertha, escorted by *Fritz Kleinmichel coming through the middle door*). A quadrille behind the scene.

Piepenbrink. Thank God that we are here out of the throng.

Mrs. Piepenbrink. It is very hot.

Klienmichel. And the music is too loud, there are too many trumpets, I hate trumpets.

Piepenbrink. Here's a quiet spot; sit down.

Fritz. Bertha would like to remain in the hall still. Could I not return with her?

Piepenbrink. I have no objection to your young people's going back into the hall, but I had rather you would remain with us. I like to have all my people together.

Mrs. Piepenbrink. Remain with your parents my child!

Piepenbrink. Be seated! (*To his wife.*) You sit at the corner, Fritz come near me. Place Bertha between your neighbors, she will come to your table soon. (*Seat themselves at the table on the right, at the left-hand corner, Mrs. Pienpenbrink is seated, then he himself, Fritz, Bertha, Klienmichel.*)

Fritz. When will that "soon" be, Godfather? You have already been saying that for a long time, and are always putting off the festal day again.

Piepenbrink. That's none of your business.

Fritz. I was under the impression, Godfather, that I was the fellow who wanted to marry Bertha.

Piepenbrink. That is something remarkable. But any one can wish that. But I shall give her to you, young fellow, and that is promising a great deal, for it is hard enough for me to let my little wag-tail out of her nest. Therefore wait. You shall have her, but wait.

Klienmichel. He will wait, neighbor.

Piepenbrink. I don't see how he can help it. Here! waiter, waiter!

Mrs. Piepenbrink. How bad the service is at such places as this!

Piepenbrink. Waiter! (*waiter comes.*) My name is Piepenbrink! I brought six bottles of my own wine with me. Tell the restaurant keeper I want it here. (*They stand up while the waiter produces bottles and glasses.*)

Bolz, Kämpe (*at the door, the waiter walking to and fro in the background*).

Bolz (*aside to Kämpe*). Which is he?

Kämpe. The one with his back towards us and with the broad shoulders.

Bolz. What's his occupation?

Kämpe. Chiefly red wines.

Bolz. Good. (*Aloud.*) Waiter, a table and two chairs? A bottle of red wine. (*The waiter brings the order to the left of the foreground.*)

Mrs. Piepenbrink. What do they want here?

Piepenbrink. That's is what's disagreeable in such a noble assemblage, that one can never be alone.

Klienmichel. They seem to be decent fellows; I believe that I have already seen that one.

Piepenbrink (with decision). Decent or not, they are unpleasant for us.

Klienmichel. Of course they are.

Bolz (seating himself with Kämpe). Now we can sit in quiet before a bottle of red wine, my friend. I hardly have the courage to pour it out, for the wine in these restaurants is almost always horrible. What kind of stuff do you suppose this will be.

Piepenbrink (delighted). Ah? Listen to that!

Kämpe. Try it. (*Pours, softly.*) It is a "P. P." on the seal. That must mean Piepenbrink.

Piepenbrink. I am indeed curious to know what those jack-anapes are going to find fault with in this wine.

Mrs. Piepenbrink. Hush, Philip, they can hear you over there.

Bolz (softly). You are certainly right, the restaurant keeper gets his wine from him; it is on that account, of course, that he has come here.

Piepenbrink. ^{They} ~~You~~ don't seem to be thirsty, ^{Kämpe} ~~you~~ do not drink.

Bolz (tastes his wine, aloud.) Not bad.

Piepenbrink (ironically). Ah?

Bolz (tasting again). A good pure wine!

Piepenbrink (recovering.) That fellow has'nt a bad judgment.

Bolz. But it is not to be compared to a similar wine which I recently drank with a friend.

Piepenbrink. Ah?

Bolz. Since then I have found out that there is only one man in the city from whom a cultivated wine drinker can get his red wine.

Kämpe. And who is he?

Piepenbrink (ironically). I too am curious.

Bolz. A certain Piepenbrink.

Piepenbrink (nodding his head with delight). Good!

Kämpe. Yes, that house stands everywhere as very respectable.

Piepenbrink. They do not know that their wine there is also out of my cellars. Ha, ha, ha!

Bolz (turning round to him). Are you laughing at us, sir?

Piepenbrink. Ha, ha, ha! No harm intended. I only heard you talking over your wine. So Piepenbrink's wine tastes better to you than that there? Ha, ha, ha!

Bolz (with polite wrath). Sir, I must beg you to find my expressions less comical. I do not know Mr. Piepenbrink, but I have the pleasure of knowing his wine, therefore I repeat the assertion that Piepenbrink has better wine in his cellar than this is. Why do you find that laughable? You do not know Piepenbrink's wine, and have, therefore, no right to judge of it.

Piepenbrink. I do not know Piepenbrink's wine, I do not know Philip Piebenbrink either, I have never seen his wife, mark that Lotta? and if his daughter Bertha met me I would ask: Who is this little black-headed girl? That is a good story. Is it not, Kleinmichel? (*Laughs.*)

Kleinmichel. It is very ludicrous! (*Laughs.*)

Bolz (rising up with dignity). Sir, I am a stranger to you and have never injured you. You have a gentlemanly appearance, and I find you with lovely ladies. Therefore I cannot believe that you have come here to insult strangers. But I demand as a man a declaration from you of why you have thus fallen upon my harmless words. If you are an enemy of Mr. Piepenbrink's, why do you let us suffer for that?

Piepenbrink (rising). Don't get hot, sir. Notice. The wine which you drink here is also from Piepenbrink's cellar, and I myself am the Philip Piepenbrink for whose sake you pitch into me. Now you understand why I laugh.

Bolz. Oh! Is that the way the thing is? You are Mr. Piepenbrink, himself? Then I am sincerely glad to make your acquaintance. No offense, respected sir.

Piepenbrink. No, no offence. It is all right.

Bolz. Since you are so kind as to give us your name, it is also proper for us to give you ours. Doctor of Philosophy Bolz and my friend here, Mr. Kämpe.

Piepenbrink. Very happy.

Bolz. We are rather unused to society, and withdrew into this side room because one has no comfort amongst so many strange faces. But it would give us much sorrow if we had in any way destroyed the pleasure of the ladies, and the amusement of such a respectable company by our presence. Say it right out, if we are unwelcome to you, and we will seek some other place.

Piepenbrink. You seem a jolly fellow and throughout have not been disagreeable to me, Dr. Bolz. Ah, that was the name, then?

Mrs. Piepenbrink. We too, are strangers here, and have been sitting down all the while. Piepenbrink! (*Nudges him slightly.*)

Piepenbrink. I tell you what, Doctor, since you already know the yellow seals from my cellar, and have given a very favorable opinion of them, how would it be if you try another one here? The brand will taste better to you. Sit down with us if you have no other engagement, and we will talk a little.

Bolz (with hesitation, as in the whole scene, in which he as well as Kämpe dare never appear obtrusive). That's a very friendly invitation, and we accept it with thanks. Will you have the kindness, noble sir, to make us acquainted with your company?

Piepenbrink. This is my wife.

Bolz. Do not be displeased at our intrusion, madame, we promise to be very polite, and as good company as two diffident young fellows can be.

Piepenbrink. This is my daughter.

Bolz (to Mrs. Piepenbrink). That would be guessed from the resemblance.

Piepenbrink. This is Mr. Kleinmichel, my friend, and this, Fritz Kleinmichel, my daughter's fiancé.

Bolz. I wish you luck, gentlemen, in such affectionate companionship. (*To Piepenbrink.*) Allow me to sit next the lady of the house; Kämpe, I should think you might take the place next to Mr. Kleinmichel. (*They sit down.*) It is a mixed row.—Waiter! (*The waiter steps to him.*) Two bottles of this here!

Piepenbrink. Hold on there! You must not supply the wine here, I have brought my kinds with me, you must drink with me.

Bolz. But, Mr. Piepenbrink.

Piepenbrink. No remonstrance. You must drink with me, and when I say to anyone he must drink with me, I don't mean sip like the women, but empty and fill up. May you guide yourself by that.

Bolz. Well, that suits me. We accept your hospitality as gratefully as it is cordially offered. But then you must allow me to repay it. Next Sunday you shall all be my guests, will you? Say yes, my good host! A friendly ~~tea~~ ^{man} at seven sharp, I am unmarried and in a respectable, quiet hotel. Give your consent, honored lady,—shake hands on it, Mr. Piepenbrink; you too, Mr. Kleinmichel, and Mr. Fritz! (*Extends his hand to all of them.*)

Piepenbrink. If my wife would like to, I will be glad to do so.

Bolz. Done, agreed. And now the first toast:—The good spirit which has led us together this evening, long may he live—(*asking around.*) What shall we call the spirit?

Fritz. Accident.

Bolz. No, he wears a yellow cap.

Piepenbrink. Call him the Yellow-sealed.

Bolz. Good. Long life to him! We wish the gentlemen a right long existence, as the cat said to the bird when she bit off his head.

Kleinmichel. Long life to him while we are putting an end to him.

Bolz. Well said. Bravo!

Piepenbrink. Bravo! (*They touch glasses.* *Piepenbrink to his wife.*) The evening will yet pass pleasantly.

Mrs. Piepenbrink. They are very well-behaved, genteel people.

Bolz. You cannot realize how happy I am that our fortune has lead us into such good companionship. In there, of course everything is very nicely arranged.

Piepenbrink. Very true, it is very respectable.

Bolz. Very respectable! But still these political gatherings are not after my taste.

Piepenbrink. Ah! You perhaps do not belong to the party, and for that reason it does not please you.

Bolz. That's not it! But when I think that these people are not brought together in order that they may have a hearty good time, but in order that they may shortly give their votes to this or that gentleman, I become indifferent.

Piepenbrink. Oh, that is not intended, that is a point for discussion, is it not godfather?

Kleinmichel. I hope there will be no signing of pledges here.

Bolz. Perhaps not. I have no vote to give, and I praise only that society where you think of nothing but enjoying yourself with your neighbor, and being attentive to its queens, lovely women. Touch glasses, gentlemen, to the health of the ladies, the two who adorn our circle. (*They all touch glasses*).

Piepenbrink. Come Lotta, long life to you.

Bolz. Allow a stranger, Miss, to drink your future good luck.

Piepenbrink. What is going to take place in there, I should like to know.

Fritz Kleinmichel. I hear some one is going to speak at the table, and the candidate, Colonel Berg, is going to be introduced.

Piepenbrink. A very respectable gentlemen! It is a very good choice that the gentlemen of the committee have hit upon.

Adelaide.

Adelaide (in the background, then stepping in carelessly). Here he sits? What kind of a company is that?

Kämpe. They tell me that Professor Oldendorf has a fine chance of being elected. There must be a great many who are going to vote for him.

Piepenbrink. I say nothing against him, but to my taste he is too young.

Senden, and later Blumenberg and Guests.

Senden (in the background). You here, my lady?

Adelaide. I am amusing myself watching these droll people. They act as if the rest of the company were not in the world.

Senden. What do I see? There sits the Union itself, and with him the most important person of the feast! (*Music ceases.*)

Bolz (who had meanwhile been amusing himself with Mrs. Piepenbrink, and had listened to her with attention; to Mrs. Piepenbrink). Ah, observe the gentlemen can never leave off talking their politics. Did you not mention Professor Oldendorf?

Piepenbrink. Yes, my jolly fellow, casually.

Bolz. If you talk about him, I sincerely beg you to speak good of him, for he is the best, the noblest man I know.

Piepenbrink. So? You know him?

Kleinmichel. You are perhaps one of his friends?

Bolz. More than that. If the Professor were to say to me to-day: Bolz it would be of use to me for you to jump into the water, I would have to jump in, however unpleasant it would be to me now to take a drink of water.

Piepenbrink. Oh ho! that is strong.

Bolz. I have no business talking about candidates in this company. But if I had to choose a representative he should be the one, he first.

Piepenbrink. You are very much taken up by the man.

Bolz. His political opinions don't concern me here. But what do I desire in a representative? That he be a man; that he have a warm heart and a sound judgment, and knows what is good and right without hesitation and searching; and then that he have power to do what he knows to be right without delay, without wavering.

Piepenbrink. Bravo!

Kleinmichel. But that is just the kind of man they say the Colonel is, too.

Bolz. Possibly, that he is so I do not know; but of Oldendorf I do know it. I have looked right down into his heart through an accident which happened to me. I was once just on the point of being burnt to powder, he had the presence of mind to prevent it. I have him to thank that I sit here now, he saved my life.

Senden. How prodigiously he lies! (*Wishes to advance.*)

Adelaide (*holding him back*). Be quiet! I believe there is some truth in the story.

Piepenbrink. Well, it is very fine that he saved your life; yet that often happens.

Mrs. Piepenbrink. Do tell us about it, Doctor!

Bolz. The little adventure is like a hundred others and would be entirely uninteresting to me if I had not experienced it myself. Imagine an old house, me a student living in it, three flights up. In the house opposite me dwelt a young scholar; we do not know each other. In the middle of one night, a confused noise and a noticeable crackling beneath me woke me. If it were mice they must be having a torch-light dance, for my room was brightly lighted. I leaped to the window, then the bright flames from the floor beneath me leap up towards me, my window-panes fall around my head and a foolish stupor weighs me down. Since it would be foolish under these circumstances to fall down there at the window, I run to the door and open it. The steps, too, cannot escape the fate which is common to old wood, they burn with

a bright flame. Three flights up and no way out, I gave myself up for lost! Half senseless I rushed back to the window, I heard some one in the street cry: A man, a man! The ladder here. A ladder is placed, it began to smoke and burn in a moment, like a train of gunpowder; it was pulled down, the streams of water from all the engines poured into the flames beneath me, I heard plainly as each particular stream struck upon the glowing wall. A new ladder was placed, there was death-like stillness below, and you can well think that I had no pleasure in making myself a spectacle in my fiery oven. Beneath the people shouted: "It will not do," then a full voice rang out: "Higher with the ladder"—Look, I knew on the spot that that was the voice of my deliverer. "Quick," cried the people beneath. Then a fresh cloud of steam poured into the room, I had breathed too much of the thick smoke and fell on the floor at the window. X

Mrs. Piepenbrink. Poor Doctor!

Piepenbrink (eagerly). Go on!

Senden (wants to hurry forward).

Adelaide (holding him back). Please let him finish, the story is true!

Bolz. Then a man's hand seized me by the nape of the neck, a rope is slung under my arms and a strong hand raises me from the ground. A moment later I was on the ladder, half led, half borne, with burning garments, and unconscious, I reached the stone pavement. I awoke in the young scholar's room. Besides some slight burns I had brought nothing into the new dwelling. All my possessions were burned. The strange man nursed me and cared for me like one brother for another. The first time I was able to go out, I found that this scholar who had taken me in, was the same man who had paid his visit to me that night on the ladder. You see the man has his heart in the right place, and it is for this reason that I wish him to become representative now, and for this reason I could do for him what I would not do for

myself; I could electioneer, intrigue, and make fools of honest people for him. That man is Professor Oldendorf.

Piepenbrink. He is certainly an out and out noble man. (*Rising up.*) Long may he live! (*All stand and touch glasses.*)

Bolz (bowing pleasantly to all, to Mrs. Piepenbrink). I see kindly interest shining in your eyes, noble lady, I thank you for it! Mr. Piepenbrink, I beg for permission to shake your hand. You are an excellent man (*Slaps him on the back, embraces him.*) Give me your hand, Mr. Kleinmichel (*Embraces him.*) You too, Mr. Fritz Kleinmichel, may you never have a child in danger from fire, but if it is in danger, may there always be a strong man on hand to bring it out. Come nearer, I must embrace you, too.

Mrs. Piepenbrink (moved). Piepenbrink, we are going to have roast veal to-morrow. What do you think? (*Whispers with him.*)

Adelaide. He is getting very presumptuous.

Senden. He is unbearable, I see that you are disgusted, as I am. He takes our people from us, it must not be stood any longer.

Bolz (who had gone around the table, turning around he stands still before Mrs. Piepenbrink). It is really wrong to stop still here. Mr. Piepenbrink, host, I beg your permission, her hand or her mouth?

Adelaide (stepping anxiously to the front on the right hand side). He is going to kiss her sure enough!

Piepenbrink. Go on, old comrade, courage!

Mrs. Piepenbrink. Piepenbrink, I don't understand you.

Adelaide (at that moment goes where Bolz and Mrs. Piepenbrink are about to kiss, as though she accidentally walked before them across the stage, holds her ^{hands} ~~ball~~ ^{between} between Bolz and Mrs. Piepenbrink; in a low and quick voice to Bolz.) You are going too far, you are observed. (*Retires to the background on the left and goes away.*)

Bolz. A fairy intervened!

Senden (who had previously harangued some other guests, amongst them *Blumenberg*, at that moment steps forward noisily to the party at the table). He is presuming, he has pushed himself in!

Piepenbrink (striking with his hand and rising up). Oh ho! If that doesn't beat the deuce! If I kiss my wife or allow her to be kissed, no one has anything to do with it. No one! No man, woman, or fairy has the right to lay her hand before her mouth.

Bolz. Very right! Finish! Listen! Listen!

Senden. My honored Mr. *Piepenbrink*! There is nothing against you, the company is delighted to see you at this place. But we only want to tell Mr. *Bolz* that his presence here provokes investigation. He has such decidedly different political opinions that we must esteem his appearance at this fete as an unpardonable intrusion.

Bolz. I have opposite political opinions? In company I know no other political opinions than this one, to drink with honest people, and not to drink with those I consider dishonest. I have not drank with you, sir.

Piepenbrink (striking the table). That was well given.

Senden (hotly). You have intruded yourself here.

Bolz (irritated). Intruded?

Piepenbrink. Intruded? Old boy, you of course have your entrance card.

Bolz (with candor). Here is my card! I will not show it to you, but to this man of honor with whom you would like to bring me into trouble by this attack. *Kämpe*, give your cards to Mr. *Piepenbrink*! He is the man to judge of all the cards in the world.

Piepenbrink. There are two cards which are just as good as mine. You have treated them throughout like sour wine. Ho, ho! I see well how the matter is. I have nothing to do with your story, but you wish to have me. This is the reason why you have rushed two or three times to my house, because you wished to capture me. You take an interest in me because I am

an elector; but this noble fellow is no elector, you have no interest in him. We know those tricks.

Senden. But Mr. Piepenbrink—

Piepenbrink (interrupting him angrily). Is it right to insult a well behaved guest, for this reason? Is it right to restrain my wife's lips? It is an injury to this gentleman, and he shall remain here now if I do! He shall remain here near me! And whoever dares to attack him has got to do it to me too!

Bolz. Your hand, good sir! You are a faithful comrade! So hand in hand with you I defy the Capulet and his whole clan.

Piepenbrink. With you! You are right, old fellow. Come here, they shall be so angry that they will burst. Here's to you. (*They drink good fellowship.*)

Bolz. Bravo, Piepenbrink!

Piepenbrink. Say, old fellow! What do you think! Since we are so congenial to each other, what do you say to leaving these people here to do what they please, and to your all coming home with me, there I will brew a bowl and we will sit jovially together like starlings. I will lead you, you walk ahead of the others.

Senden (and the guest). But listen, now my dear Mr. Piepenbrink!

Piepenbrink. I'll not hear a word, get out of the way.

Belmaus and still more guests.

Bellmaus (coming hastily through the crowd). Here I am.

Bolz. My nephew! Dear Madame, I place him under your protection! Nephew, give your arm to Madame Piepenbrink. (*Mrs. Piepenbrink grasps Bellmaus's arm firmly and holds him fast. A polka behind the scenes.*) Farewell, gentlemen, you are not in a position to destroy our pleasure. There the music begins. We'll march off in gay procession, and once more at the end I say: Hurrah for Piepenbrink!

The departing guests. Hurrah for Piepenbrink! (*March off in*

triumph. Fritz Kleinmichel with his betrothed, Kämpe with Kleinmichel, Mrs. Piepenbrink with Bellmaus, and last, Bolz with Piepenbrink.)

Colonel. What is going on here?

Senden. A disgraceful scandal! The Union has carried off our two most influential electors.

Curtain falls.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The Colonel's Garden-hall.

[The *Colonel* walking up and down in the foreground with long strides. *Adelaide* and *Ida* in the background arm in arm, the latter in gay spirits. A short pause. Then—]

Senden.

Senden (calling out hastily at the middle door). It goes well! Thirty-seven votes to twenty-nine.

Colonel. Who has thirty-seven votes?

Senden. You, of course, Colonel.

Colonel. Of course! (*Senden goes away.*) The election is unbearable! In no affair of my life have I had such a feeling of anxiety. It is a contemptible cannon-fever, that doesn't become an ensign. (*Stamping his foot.*) Damn it! (*Walks toward the background.*)

Ida (stepping to the front with *Adelaide*). This uncertainty is terrible! There is but one thing I know, I will be unhappy however the election turns out. (*Leans on Adelaide.*)

Adelaide. Courage, courage, my little girl. Everything will yet turn out well. Conceal your anxiety from your father, he is already in a mood which does not please me.

Blumenberg.

Blumenberg (comes hastily to the door, the Colonel stands opposite to him).

Colonel. Now, sir, how does it stand?

Blumenberg. Forty-one votes for you, Colonel, thirty-four for our opponent, three votes have fallen for someone else. The votes will now be given to the register very scatteringly, but the difference in your favor will remain pretty much the same. Only eight votes for you, Colonel, and the victory is won. There is now the highest probability that we will win. I hurry back, the time for decision approaches. Farewell, ladies. (*Leaves.*)

Colonel. Ida.

Ida (*hurries to him*).

Colonel. Are you my good daughter?

Ida. My dear father.

Colonel. I know what troubles you, my child. You have the worst of it. Be of good cheer, Ida; if, as it seems the case, the young gentleman of the quill must abandon the field to the old soldier, then we will talk more about it. Oldendorf has not deserved it of me, there is much in him which displeases me. But you are my only child, I will only think of that. Now the first thing to be done is to break this young fellow's pride! (*Lets Ida loose, and again strides to and fro.*)

Adelaide (*to herself, in the foreground*). The barometer has risen, the sun of benevolence breaks through the clouds. If only it were all over. Such excitement is catching. (*To Ida.*) You see it is not yet necessary for you to go into a convent.

Ida. But if Oldendorf is defeated, how will he bear it?

Adelaide (*shrugging her shoulders*). He loses a seat in a soulless assemblage, and gains instead an amusing little wife. I should think he could be contented. In any event he will have an opportunity to have his say. Whether he has it in this or that Chamber! I believe you will listen to him as devoutly as any other representative.

Ida (shuddering). But, Adelaide, if it was better for the country that Oldendorf be elected?

Adelaide. Well, my treasure, we are not helping the country. Our State and the rest of the countries of Europe must devise how they can get on well without the Professor. You are your own best friend, you wish to marry him, you stand first.

Karl.

What do you bring, Karl?

Karl. Mr. von Senden sends his respects: "Forty-seven to forty-two, the returning officer has already congratulated him."

Colonel. Congratulated?—Have my uniform ready, give the keys to the butler, and get ready, it is probable we will hold a reception this evening.

Karl. As you say, Colonel. (*Goes off.*)

Colonel (talking to himself in the foreground). How is it now, young Mr. Professor? My style does not please you! It may be,—I admit that you are a better journalist; but here where seriousness wins the day for once you shall lose your cause. Perhaps it will be necessary to speak a few words this evening. In my regiment I had the reputation of always knowing how to speak appropriately, but in the manœuvres in civilian clothes I feel distrustful. We are on top! It will be proper to mention Oldendorf too in my speech, of course with respect and acknowledgments. Yes, indeed, I must do that. He is an honest man of excellent heart, and a scholar of good judgment. He can be very lovable if you overlook his political theories. We have spent some happy evenings together. And when we sat together before my big tea-kettle and the noble young fellow began to tell his stories, Ida's eyes fastened on his face, and beamed for pleasure, and I believe my old ones did too. Those were fine evenings. Why are there no more of them? Bah, they will commence again. He will bear his defeat quietly, as is his manner, a good, sociable manner. No irritability about him. He

is still at bottom an excellent fellow, and Ida and I will be delighted to be with him. And on this account, my Messrs. Electors,—but the Devil! But I can't say all that to the electors. —I will say—

Senden.

Senden (entering with agitation). Shameful! shameful! All is lost.

Colonel. What! (*Stands immediately in military fashion.*)

Ida. My presentiment! My Father! (*Hurries to him.*) } *Together.*

Adelaide. Oh my!

Senden. It stood finely. We had forty-seven, our opponents forty-two votes, eight votes were not yet cast, but two of them for us and the day was ours. The hour had come, when according to law, the register must be closed. Everyone looked at his watch and called for the tardy electors. Then there was a tramping in the entrance hall; a body of eight persons thronged noisily in to the hall, at their head the clumsy wine-dealer, Piepenbrink, the same who recently at the fête—

Adelaide. We know, go ahead—

Senden. One after another of the band stepped forward, gave his vote, and “Professor Edward Oldendorf” came from every mouth. The last was this Piepenbrink. Before he gave his vote, he asked his neighbor: Is the Professor safe?—The answer was yes. And I as the last elector choose—(*Stops.*)

Adelaide. The Professor?

Senden. No, a very clever and artful politician, as he said: Dr. Konrad Bolz, and then he turned short around and his companions followed him.

Adelaide (laughing to herself). Ah!

Senden. Oldendorf is Representative by a majority of two votes.

Colonel. Well!

Senden. It is shameful! No one is to be thanked for this accident but these journalists of the Union. Running around, intriguing, shaking hands with all the electors, puffing up this Oldendorf, shrugging their shoulders about us, and about you, honored sir, was what did it!

Colonel. So?

Ida. That last is not true.

Adelaide (to Senden). Be careful and do not say that here.

Colonel. You are trembling, my daughter. You are a woman and allow yourself to be too much affected by such little matters. I don't wish you to hear any more of this news. Go my child! Your friend has won, you have no reason to weep! Help her, Adelaide!

Ida (is led by Adelaide to the side door, entreating). Let me remain with Father

Senden. The bad spirit and wantonness with which this newspaper is edited, upon honor cannot be borne any longer.—Colonel, since we are alone—for Miss Adelaide will allow me to count her as one of us—we have the opportunity to revenge ourselves brilliantly; their reign is over. I have already, long ago, had the proprietor of the Union sounded. He is not indisposed to sell the paper, and has now only his scruples about the so-called party which the sheet literally holds in its hands. I spoke to him, myself about it, at the Club reception.

Adelaide. What do I hear?

Senden. This accident in the election will call forth the greatest bitterness amongst all our friends, and I doubt not that we can raise the purchase money in a few days by a subscription for shares. That would be a deadly blow to our opponents, a triumph of the good cause. The most red sheet of the province in our hands, edited by a committee—

Adelaide. Would not refuse its help to Mr. von Senden.

Senden. It would be my duty to take shares in it myself.—Colonel, if you would subscribe, your example would secure the purchase in a moment.

Colonel. Sir, what you do to the best of your political belief, you may do. But Professor Oldendorf has been a very welcome guest in my house, I will never work against him behind his back. You would have spared me this hour if you had not previously deceived me with your assurances as to the wishes of the majority. Meanwhile, I am not angry with you. You have managed it with the best intentions, I am convinced.—I beg those present for indulgence, if I retire for the day, I hope to see you again to-morrow, dear Senden.

Senden. Meanwhile I shall prepare the subscription for the purchase of the paper. I commend myself to you. (*Goes away.*)

Colonel. Pardon me, Adelaide, for leaving you alone, I wish to write some letters, and (*with a constrained laugh*) to read my papers.

Adelaide (sympathetically). Will not my company now do you good?

Colonel (with effort). I'll be better by myself now. (*Goes away through the middle door.*)

Adelaide (alone). My poor Colonel! That diseased vanity is working strongly in his true soul!—And Ida? (*Gently opens the door to the left and remains standing there.*) She is writing! To whom, it is not hard to guess. (*Shuts the door.*)—And all this trouble, the wicked spirit, Journalism, has brought about. All the world complains against him and everyone would like to use him for himself. My Colonel has despised the newspaper writers until he has become one himself, and Senden allows no opportunity to pass without abusing my good friends of the quill, only to step himself into their places. I see it is coming to pass that Piepenbrink and I too will yet become journalists, and will publish together a little sheet under the title of: "The Artless Bolz"—So the Union is about to be secretly sold? That would serve Konrad just right. He would then have to think of other things than the paper. But the rascal would immediately commence a new one —

Oldendorf, Karl, then Ida.

Oldendorf (still outside the room). And the Colonel is not to be spoken to?

Karl. For no one, Professor. (*Leaves.*)

Adelaide (going towards Oldendorf). Dear Professor, it is not good of you that you have come here at this time. We are very sick and displeased with the world, but it is quite otherwise with you.

Oldendorf. I feared that, but I must speak to him.

Ida (coming towards him through the door to the left). Edward, I knew that you would come.

Oldendorf. My dear Ida! (*Embraces her.*)

Ida (on his neck). And what is now going to become of us?

Colonel.

Colonel (who enters through the middle door with a forced calm.) You shall not remain in uncertainty about that, my daughter! You, Professor, I beg to forget that you ever found friendship in this house; I demand from you that you no more think of the hours when this gentleman received you with delight. — (*More angrily.*) Still in my own house at least I will bear no assaults from a journalist. Forget him, or forget that you are my daughter. Go in. (*Leads Ida gently away to the left, places himself before the door.*) Before this threshold Mr. Editor and Representative, before the heart of my daughter you shall not strike me. (*Goes away to the left.*)

Adelaide. Oh my, that's bad!

Oldendorf (with decision before the Colonel has turned to depart.) Colonel, it is ungenerous to refuse me now an explanation! (*Goes up to the door.*)

Adelaide (stepping quickly in his way). Stop! No farther! He is in an excitement, where every word would cause hurt! But do not go away thus from us, Professor, give me a few moments.

Oldendorf. I must beg your indulgence of this humor. I have long feared some such scene, and now scarcely feel the strength to control myself.

Adelaide. You know our friend, and know that his irascible temperament hurries him on to hastiness, which he afterwards hastens to make amends for.

Oldendorf. That was worse than a humor. There is a breach between us two, — a breach which appears to me irreparable.

Adelaide. Irreparable, Professor? If your sentiment for Ida is as I take it to be, the repairing of it is not hard. Will it not be your duty, to pay attention to or be guided by the wishes of your father now and then? Does not the wife that you love deserve that you should at least once make a sacrifice of your ambition?

Oldendorf. My ambition, yes, my duty, no.

Adelaide. Your real happiness, Professor, seems to me to be destroyed for a long time, perhaps forever, if you become separated from Ida in such a way.

Oldendorf (gloomily). Not every one can become happy in his private life.

Adelaide. This resignation does not quite please me, at least in a man; will you permit me to speak right out. (*Goodnaturedly.*) Will that be so great a misfortune if you become Representative of this city some years later, or even if you never become so?

Oldendorf. My young lady, I am not conceited, I do not rate my powers very high, and so far as I know, no ambitious impulse hides itself in the bottom of my soul. It is possible that at a later time I too will value very low, as you do now, our political rags, our party broils, and all that goes along with them. It is possible that all our work remains without result; it is possible that much good which we long for, when it is obtained will turn to the opposite. Yes, it is highly possible that my own share in the fight will often be painful, wearying, and throughout not what one would call a grateful occupation; but all that does not

restrain me from dedicating my life to the struggle of the age to which I belong; for, in spite of all, this fight is the highest and noblest which the present presents. Not every age allows its sons to reap the results which remain for all time, and I repeat it, not every century is fitted to make the men who live in it distinguished and happy.

Adelaide. I think every age is fitted for it, if the individual men will only understand how to become good and happy. (*Rising up.*) You, Professor, will do nothing for the small home happiness of your life, you compel your friends to manage that for you.

Oldendorf. Do not be angry, at least as little as possible, and speak for me with Ida.

Adelaide. I will endeavor to serve you with my woman's wit, Mr. Statesman. (*Oldendorf leaves.*)

Adelaide (alone). He too, is one of the nobility, highstrung. One of the unfettered spirits of the German nation? Very virtuous and extraordinarily sensible! He scrabbles too, into the fire from pure sense of duty! But to conquer the world, ill-fortune, or even a woman, for that he is not designed.

Karl.

Karl (announcing). Dr. Bolz.

Adelaide. Ah! He at least, will be no such hero in virtue! Where is the Colonel?

Karl. In Miss Ida's room.

Adelaide. Show the gentleman in here. (*Exit Karl.*) I have a desire to see you again, Mr. Bolz, but I will take care not to show you that.

Bolz.

Bolz. So you deserted just now, a poor soul, who sought in vain for your philosophy to comfort himself with; and I, too, come as an unfortunate, for I aroused your displeasure yester-

day, and but for your presence, which cut short a naughty scene, Mr. von Senden would have used me still worse in the interest of social decency. I thank you for the reminder which you gave me; I take it as an evidence that you will not deprive me of your friendly sympathy.

Adelaide (aside). Very artful, very diplomatic! It is very kind of you that you interpret so favorably what I did by accident. But do pardon my impertinent interference. That scene with Mr. von Senden will not become the cause of a new one.

Bolz (aside). Always this Senden! Your interest in him will be a reason for me to avoid further consequences. I believe that I can do it.

Adelaide. I thank you. And now admit that you are a treacherous diplomat. You have produced here in this house a complete defeat. Only one thing has pleased me this evil day, and that is that one vote to make you representative.

Bolz. It was a whimsical fancy of the noble wine merchant's.

Adelaide. You have been at so much pains to get your friend through. Why have you not worked for yourself? The young gentleman whom I used to know had high aims, and nothing appeared out of reach to his soaring ambition. Have you become different, or does the fire still burn?

Bolz (laughing). I have become a journalist, gracious lady.

Adelaide. So is your friend, also.

Bolz. Only incidentally, but I belong to the guild. He who belongs to it can have the ambition to write wittily, or with importance; whatever is beyond that is not for us.

Adelaide. Not for you? ✓

Bolz. We are too flighty, too restless, and scatter-brained for it.

Adelaide. Is that in earnest, Konrad?

Bolz. Wholly in earnest. Why should I show myself to you other than I am? We newspaper writers feed our minds with the news of the day, we have to eat in tiniest bits all the judgments

which Satan cooks for man, therefore you must make allowances for us. The daily vexation over the erring and the wicked, the everlasting petty quarreling about nothing in the world, that is so strong in men. In the beginning people doubled up their fists, later on they are accustomed to quarrel about it. Is it not natural that he who works for the times should live with the times?

Adelaide (disquieted). That is sad, indeed.

Bolz. On the contrary. It is very fine. We buzz around like the bees, traverse the whole world in our thoughts, sip honey where we find it, and sting when anything mistreats us. Such a life is indeed not calculated to make great heroes, but then it does produce such owls as we are.

Adelaide (aside). Now he is beginning, and he is worse than the other.

Bolz. We will not become sentimental about it! I write straight on so long as it lasts. When it's over others will take my place and do the same. When Konrad Bolz, a grain of corn, is ground in the great mill, then other grains of corn will fall upon the stone until the meal is ready, from which perhaps the future will bake good bread for the happy multitude.

Adelaide. No, no! That is extravagance; resignation of that kind is wrong.

Bolz. This resignation comes at last in every occupation. It is not your lot! Another fate belongs to you. (*With emotion.*) Adelaide, when I was a youngster, I wrote you tender verses, and lulled myself in foolish dreams; I have always loved you dearly, and the wounds which our separation dealt me still pain me yet at times. (*Adelaide makes a gesture as though warding him off.*) Don't be frightened. I will not hurt you. I have long been angry with my fate, and have had hours when I appeared to myself like an exile. But now when I see you before me in full view, so beautiful, so worthy to be loved, when my love for you is as warm as ever, now I must still say to you, your father has handled me roughly; that he separated us, that he

prevented you, the rich heiress accustomed to flattery, brought up in a narrow circle, from giving your life to a wild boy who always showed more presumptuousness than ability, that was very sensible, and he did exactly right.

Adelaide (seizing his hands in her agitation). I thank you Konrad, I thank you for speaking thus of my dead father. Yes, you are good, you have a heart. It makes me very happy that you have shown it to me.

Bolz. It is only a little pocket heart for private use, it happened against my will, that it showed itself thus.

Adelaide. And now enough about ourselves. Here in the house they need our help. You have won. Work your will fully against us, I cast myself down and acknowledge you as my master. But now use mercy and become my ally. This struggle of the men has worked devastation in the heart of the girl I love. I would like to remedy it, and wish you to help me do so.

Bolz. Command me.

Adelaide. The Colonel must be propitiated. Think of something calculated to heal his injured self-respect.

Bolz. I have thought of it and gotten something ready. Alas, I can do nothing but make him perceive that his anger towards Oldendorf is foolishness. The gentle disposition which leads to reconciliations you alone will have to produce.

Adelaide. So we women must try our skill.

Bolz. I hasten to do the little I can.

Adelaide. Farewell, Mr. Editor, and think not only of the fate of the great world, but sometimes of an individual friend who suffers from the unworthy egotism of wishing happiness for herself.

Bolz. You have always found happiness in caring for the happiness of another. Who has this kind of egotism, for him being happy is no hard work. (*Bolz leaves.*)

Adelaide (alone). He loves me still! He is a tender-hearted,

high-minded man! But he too, is resigned; they are all sick, these men. They have not any courage! From study and contemplation of themselves they have lost all confidence in themselves. Now, this Konrad! Why did he not say to me: Adelaide, I want to marry you! He is impudent enough in everything else! Deliver me! He philosophizes over my kind of fortune and over his kind of fortune! He was always very handsome, but then he is nothing but silly trash. The young fellows in the country are very different people. They carry no great load of wisdom around with them, and have more whims and prejudices than are excusable; but they hate and love both strongly and boldly, and they never forget to look out for their own interests. They are better for it; I love the country, the fresh air, and my fields. (*A pause; with decision.*) The Union is going to be sold. Konrad shall come with me to the country to get rid of his whims! (*Sets herself and writes: rings.*)

Karl.

Take this letter to Counsellor Schwarz, say I beg him to busy himself in a pressing business affair for me. (*Karl leaves.*)

Ida.

Ida (coming through the side door at the left). I am walking around everywhere restlessly! Let me weep it out here! (*Weeps on Adelaide's neck.*)

Adelaide (tenderly). Poor child! Those wicked men have treated you badly. Courage, my love, and do not be so silent and humble.

Ida. I have but one thought, he is lost to me, forever lost.

Adelaide. There my brave girl. But be quiet! You haven't lost him yet! On the contrary, we will arrange it so that you may get him back better than ever. He shall again step before you with his ruddy cheeks and bright eyes, the noble man, your

chosen demigod, and this demigod shall beg your pardon, too, because he caused you pain.

Ida (looking up at her). What do you say?

Adelaide. Listen, this evening I read in the stars, that you should become a representative's wife. A great star fell from heaven, and on it was written in plain letters: "Undoubtedly she shall have him." The fulfilment can only be attained by one condition.

Ida. What condition? Tell it to me.

Adelaide. Recently I told you about a certain lady and an unknown gentleman. Do you remember?

Ida. I have thought of it continually.

Adelaide. Good, on the same day when this lady finds again her knight, you too will become reconciled with your Professor. Neither sooner nor later, so stands it written.

Ida. I am so glad to believe you. And when is that day coming?

Adelaide. Well, my treasure, I don't know that so certainly. Confidentially, seeing that we girls are alone, the lady in question is heartily tired of this hoping and waiting, and I am afraid that she will take some desperate step.

Ida (embracing her). Only manage it so that it will not continue too long.

Adelaide (holding her in her arms). Hush! Let no man hear us.

Korb.

What do you bring, old friend?

Korb. Miss, Mr. Bellmaus is outside, the friend—

Adelaide. Very good; and he wants to speak to me?

Korb. Yes, I myself persuaded him to come to you, he has something to tell you.

Adelaide. Conduct him in! (*Exit Korb.*)

Ida. Let me go, my eyes are red from weeping.

Adelaide. Then go, my heart, I will be with you again in a few minutes. (*Ida leaves.*) What does he want? The whole Union, one after the other.

Bellmaus.

Bellmaus (trembling, with many bows). You have granted me the privilege, gracious lady—

Adelaide (affably). I am glad to see you here and have my curiosity aroused concerning the interesting information you wish to give me.

Bellmaus. There is no one I had rather trust with what I have heard than you, gracious lady. Since I have found out from Mr. Korb that you are a subscriber to our paper, I have the belief—

Adelaide. That I deserve to be a friend of the editor. I thank you for your good opinion.

Bellmaus. There is this Schmock! He is a poor fellow who has lived little in good company, and was till recently, reporter on the *Coriolanus*.

Adelaide. I remember having seen him.

Bellmaus. At Bolz's desire I gave him some glasses of punch. Then he became merry and told me of a great conspiracy between Senden and the editor of the *Coriolanus*. These two gentlemen according to his assurance have a plan to bring our Professor Oldendorf into disrepute with the Colonel, and for this reason they have induced the Colonel to write articles in the *Coriolanus*.

Adelaide. Is the young man who has made these disclosures to you at all to be relied on?

Bellmaus. He can't stand much punch, and after he had drunk three glasses, he told me everything freely. Under other circumstances I consider him not very reliable. I believe he is a good fellow but reliable? No, he is not that.

Adelaide (listlessly). Would this gentleman—who has drunk

three glasses of punch—be ready to repeat his disclosures before other persons?

Bellmaus. He told me that he would do it, and spoke too of proofs.

Adelaide (aside). Ah, indeed! (*Aloud.*) I am afraid the proofs will not be satisfactory.—And you have not told the Professor or Mr. Bolz about it?

Bellmaus. The Professor is very busy now, and Bolz is the best and jolliest fellow in the world; since, already without this he is in strained relations with Mr. von Senden, I believed—

Adelaide (quickly). And you are quite right, dear Mr. Bellmaus.—Are you quite satisfied with Mr. Bolz?

Bellmaus. He is a fine and distinguished man, and I stand on very good terms with him, we all stand on good terms with him.

Adelaide. I am glad of it.

Bellmaus. He is often somewhat overbearing, but he has the best heart in the world.

Adelaide (aside). From the mouths of babes and children you will hear the truth.

Bellmaus. Of course he is of a very prosaic nature, for poetry he has no taste.

Adelaide. Do you think so?

Bellmaus. Yes, in ^{respect} his references he often becomes aggressive.

Adelaide (interrupting him). I thank you for your communication, even if I can place no importance on it. I am glad to learn to know in you one of the editors. Journalists are, as I notice, dangerous people, and it is well to have their good-will, although I an insignificant person will take pains never to furnish material for a newspaper article.—(*Bellmaus hesitates about going*). Can I still serve you in any other way?

Bellmaus (with warmth). Yes, gracious lady, if you would have the goodness to accept this specimen of my poems. It is, it is true, a youthful poem, my first attempt, but I count upon your friendly forbearance. (*Draws a book with gilt edges from his pocket and gives it to her.*)

Adelaide. I thank you heartily, Mr. Bellmaus. — Never before has a poet given me his works. I will read that beautiful book through in the country, and be glad under the shade of my trees that I have friends in the city who think of me too when they bring the beautiful before others.

Bellmaus (with fire). Be assured, gracious lady, that no poet who has had the good fortune to know you can ever forget. (*Goes off with a low bow.*)

Adelaide (alone). This Mr. Schmöck with his three glasses of punch is indeed well worth knowing. Korb shall look him up immediately.—I have hardly gotten into the city, and my room is like a business bureau in which editors and authors drive their trades.—I fear that is an omen. (*Goes away to the left.*)

It grows dark. The Colonel enters from his garden.

Colonel (walking slowly to the front). I am glad it is all over between us. — (*Stamping his foot.*) Very glad! — (*As though depressed.*) I feel free and happy as I have not for a long time. I believe I could sing.—I am at this moment the subject of conversation at all the tea-tables, in all the ale-houses, in all of them there is talking and laughing. It served him right, the old fool! Damn it!

Karl with lights and the paper.

Who told you to bring a light?

Karl. Colonel, it is the hour when you read the paper. Here it is. (*Lays it on the table.*)

Colonel. Worthless fellows, these gentlemen of the quill! Cowardly, malicious, deceitful in their irresponsibility. How this gang will triumph now, and over me! How they will lift their editor to the clouds! There lies the miserable sheet. In it my defeat trumpeted forth with full cheeks, with derisive shoulder shrugs. Away with it! (*Walks to and fro, looks at the*

paper on the ground, takes it up.) But I will drink to the dregs. (*Sits down.*) Here right in the beginning: (*Reads.*) “Professor Oldendorf—Majority of two votes. This paper is obliged to rejoice over the result”—I believe that—“But not less pleasing was the election struggle which preceded it”—Of course—“It perhaps never has happened before as it did here that two men opposed each other who had been bound together so closely by long standing friendship, both distinguished alike by the love of their fellow citizens. It was a chivalric duel between two friends full of magnanimity, without rancour, without jealousy, yea, even perhaps the wish that his friend and opponent, and not he, would be the victor concealed itself in the heart of each of the two.” (*Lays aside the sheet, wipes his forehead.*) What kind of talk is that?—(*Reads.*) “And looked at from the side of his party, a man never had greater title to victory than our respected opponent. How much he is valued by the great circle of friends and acquaintances owing to his honest and noble personality, this is not the place to boast; but what he has done by advice and example for the city by his active participation in all undertakings for the public good, is well known, and is felt even to this day by our fellow-citizens with lively gratitude.”—(*Lays the paper down.*) That is a contemptible style?—(*Reads on.*) “By a very small majority of votes, our city has decided to bring the political views of our young friend to bear in the House of Representatives, but it is said that addresses and deputations from all parties will be prepared to-day, not to congratulate the victor in the struggle but his opponent, his noble friend, to express the universal love and respect of which never was there a man more worthy than he.”—That’s open assassination! That is a fearful indiscretion of Oldendorf’s, that’s a journalist’s revenge, so keen and pointed.—Oh that looks like him! No, it does not look like him! It is revolting, it is unmanly!—What shall I do? Deputations and addresses to me? To Oldendorf’s friend?—Bah, it is nothing but twaddle, newspaper bosh, it costs nothing

but a few fine words ! The city knows nothing of these sensations. It is a bit of sharp dealing.

Karl.

Karl. Letters from the town-post. (*Places them on the table and leaves.*)

Colonel. There is something else to win me ! It makes me uncomfortable to open them. (*Breaks open the first.*) The Devil ! A poem ? And to me ? "To Our Noble Opponent in Politics, Best Man in the City." Signed ? What is the signature ? Baus ? Baus ? I do not know him. It must be a pseudonym ! (*Reads.*) It seems quite good poetry ! And what is this ? (*Opens the second letter.*) "To the Benefactor of the Poor, the Father of the Fatherless," an address — (*Reads.*) Respect and love of our hearts — signed : "Many women and girls," the seal a P. P. ? — My God, what does all this mean ? Am I bewitched ? Are these in truth voices from the city, and is to-day's work thus received by the people, then I must conclude from it that the people think better of me than I do of myself.

Karl.

Karl. A number of gentlemen wish to speak to you, Colonel.

Colonel. What kind of gentlemen ?

Karl. They say "A deputation of Electors."

Colonel. Conduct them in. This damned paper is right after all.

Piepenbrink, Kleinmichel, and three other gentlemen. (They bow and the Colonel also.)

Piepenbrink (solemnly). Colonel ! — A number of electors has sent us to you as a deputation to say to you right away to-day that the whole city considers you a highly respectable and brave man.

Colonel (stiffly). I am much obliged for your good opinion.

Piepenbrink. There is nothing to be obliged for. It is the truth. You are an honorable man through and through, and it gives us pleasure to tell you so; it cannot be unpleasant to you, to hear this from your fellow-citizens.

Colonel. I have always considered myself, gentlemen, a man of honor.

Piepenbrink. There you are quite right, and you have proved too your honest disposition. On every occasion. In times of poverty, in times of famine, in matters of guardianship, and in times of enjoyment, everywhere where a benevolent and good man made us happy or was of use, there you have always been, ever simple and true hearted, without supercilious behavior and arrogance. Hence it is then that we all, to a man, love and honor you. (*Colonel draws his hand quickly across his eyes.*)

Piepenbrink. Many of us to-day have given our votes to the Professor. Many on account of politics, many because they knew that he is your close friend and perhaps will be even your son-in-law.

Colonel (without severity). Sir! —

Piepenbrink. I myself did not give you my vote.

Colonel (somewhat angrily). Sir! —

Piepenbrink. But that is just the very reason why I come to you with the others, and why we tell you how the citizens think of you. And we all wish that you may continue to grant us your manly opinions and friendly heart, as an honored, most respectable gentleman and fellow citizen.

Colonel (without severity). Why do you not say that to the Professor, your vote fell to him?

Piepenbrink. He is too young. He shall first prove in the Chamber that he deserves the city to thank him. But you have deserved it and therefore we come to you.

Colonel (frankly). I thank you, sir, for your friendly words. Just at this moment they do me much good. I beg you for your name.

Piepenbrink. I am named Piepenbrink.

Colonel (becomes cold but not discourteous). Ah so, that is your name. (*With importance.*) I thank you, gentlemen, for the kindly opinion which you have expressed, no matter whether you represent the true attitude of this city or speak according to your individual wishes. I thank you, and I will continue to do what I hold to be right. (*Bows. The deputation also. The latter leave.*) So that is this Piepenbrink, the warm friend of his friend! — But the words of this man were wise, and ~~all his views~~ honorable, it is unlikely that all this can be tomfoolery. — Who knows? They are clever intriguers. They send me newspaper articles, letters, and these good-natured people to my house, in order to make me tender-hearted, vaunt themselves before all the world as my friends in order to induce me to trust again their falsehood! Yes, that's it. Everything is pre-arranged! They shall be fooled.

Karl.

Karl. Dr. Bolz.

Colonel. I am no longer at home to anyone.

Karl. I told the gentleman that, but he insisted upon speaking with you, he says he comes in a matter of honor.

Colonel. What? Oldendorf will not be so crack-brained — Bring him in.

Bolz.

Bolz (with importance). Colonel, I come to deliver an explanation which is requisite for the honor of a third party.

Colonel. I am prepared for it, and beg you not to stretch it out too long.

Bolz. Only so long as is necessary. The article in this evening's edition of the Union which defames you personally was written by me, and placed in the paper by me without Oldendorf's knowledge.

Colonel. It is hardly of interest to me to know who wrote the article.

Bolz (politely). But it is of importance to me to tell you that it is not by Oldendorf, and that Oldendorf knew nothing whatever of it. Last week my friend was so much absorbed in the troubles and pains that he himself experienced that he left the editing of the paper to me alone. I alone am answerable for everything in this last issue.

Colonel. And why do you make this disclosure?

Bolz. It will not escape your sharp eyes, Colonel, that after the scene which took place to-day between you and my friend, Oldendorf as a man of honor could neither write such an article nor receive it in his paper.

Colonel. How so, sir? In the article itself I have found nothing reprehensible.

Bolz. The article places my friend, in your eyes, under the suspicion that he would win again your regard by unworthy flattery. Nothing is farther from him than the use of such a method. You, Colonel, are of course too much of a man of honor to find personally in your enemy ignoble actions.

Colonel. You are right! — (*Aside.*) This insolence is unbearable. — Is your explanation at an end?

Bolz. It is. I have still another thing to add, that I very much regret having written this article myself.

Colonel. I will do you no wrong if I suppose that you have previously written others that had better be regretted.

Bolz (continuing). This article I allowed to be printed before I had knowledge of your last interview with Oldendorf; (*Very suavely.*) I regret it because it is not quite true. I was too hasty when I described your personal character to the public, at least the picture corresponds to-day no longer with original, it is flattered.

Colonel (breaking forth). Now, by the Devil, that is an insult.

Bolz. Pardon me, it is only true! I wish you to bear witness that even a journalist can regret having written an untruth.

Colonel. Sir! — (*Aside.*) I must restrain myself, otherwise he will be always in the right. — Doctor, I see that you are a clever man and understand your business. Since to-day you seem to be in the mood of speaking only the truth, I beg you to tell me whether you, perhaps, have gotten up these demonstrations, too, which appear before me to-day as the voice of the public.

Bolz (bowing). Of course I have not been inactive in the matter.

Colonel (holding out to him the letters, hotly). Have you prompted this?

Bolz. In part, Colonel. — This poem is the outpouring of the heart of a noble young fellow who honors in you Oldendorf's paternal friend and his ideal of a noble hero; I gave him the courage to send the poem to you. It was at least meant well. The poet can seek another ideal. The address comes from the women and girls who are building the institution for the education of neglected children. The institution numbers Miss Ida Berg also amongst its members, I myself drew up the address for the ladies, it was copied off by wine merchant Piepenbrink's daughter.

Colonel. As it happens, that is the way I accounted for these letters. It is unnecessary to ask whether you are also the machinist who has sent the citizens here to me.

Bolz. At least, I did not dissuade them from it.

(*From without a many-voiced quartet of men*).

Hail, hail, hail!
 There lived a noble knight,
 In our walled town,
 Every citizen's child blessed him,
 The noble, faithful man.
 Whoever sought help in need and pain,
 He called the knight deserving,
 For love is his armor
 And mercy was his sword.
 We praise him to-day with song and word,
 The protection and defence of all the poor.
 The Colonel, the Colonel,
 The noble Colonel Berg.

Colonel (rings after the first measure of the song).

Karl.

You will allow no one in, if you wish to remain in my service.

Karl (taken aback). Colonel, there are already in the garden a great company, it is a glee club. The leaders stand ready on the steps.

Bolz (opening the window). Very well rung, Colonel, — Templar and Jewess — That's the best tenor of the city, and the accompaniment is original enough.

Colonel (aside). It's enough to drive one mad! — Show the gentlemen in. (*Karl leaves at the end of the strophe.*)

Fritz Kleinmichel and two other Gentleman.

Fritz Kleinmichel. Colonel, the glee club of this city begs for permission to sing some songs for you. Listen to the serenade kindly, as a slight expression of universal respect and love.

Colonel. Gentleman, I regret very much that sickness in my family makes it desirable to see your artistic performances cut short. I thank you for your good intentions and beg you to sing the songs to Professor Oldendorf which you have intended for me.

Fritz Kleinmichel. We thought it our duty to greet you first before seeking your friend. In order not to disturb the sick one we will, if you allow us, remove ourselves from the house into the garden.

Colonel. Do as you please. (*Fritz Kleinmichel and the two others leave.*) Is this show also of your contrivance?

Bolz (bowing). In part, at least! — But you are too kind, Colonel, when you place upon my head alone all these demonstrations; my share in them, indeed is very small. I have done nothing but edit their ^{public opinion} plain apparent feelings. All these many men are no puppets that a skilful puppet player could pull around by the strings. All these voices belong to smart and honorable persons, and what they have said to you is in fact the universal

opinion of the city, as it is called the conviction of the best and wisest in the city. If that were not the case, then I would have busied myself in vain with these honest people, to try to bring even one of them into your house.

Colonel. He is again right, and I am always wrong.

Bolz (very politely). Permit me to say that to me actually these tender assertions appear out of place, and that I highly regret the share I have in them. At any rate, no friend of Oldendorf's has any motive to-day for praising your knightly feelings or your self-denial.

Colonel (walking up to him). Doctor, you use the privileges of your fraternity of talking recklessly and of insulting strangers in a way which exhausts my patience. You are in my house and it is an accepted canon of social tact to respect the home of an opponent.

Bolz (leaning on a chair, good-naturedly). If you mean to say by that that you have the right to shut out an unwelcome stranger from your house, it was unnecessary to remind me of it; for you have to-day already banished another man from your house, to whom his love for you gave a greater right to be here than I have.

Colonel. Sir, I will not permit such impudence.

Bolz (bowing). I am a journalist, Colonel, and only lay claim to that which you just now called the privilege of my fraternity.

The great march executed by wind instruments. Karl enters quickly.

Colonel (to Karl). Shut the garden gate; no one shall come in. (*Music ceases.*)

Bolz (at the window). You have a great many friends, this time I am guiltless.

Karl. Oh Colonel, it is too late. The singers are standing behind in the garden, and in front an immense procession comes before the house; it is Mr. von Senden and the Club. (*Retires to the background.*)

Colonel. Sir, I wish that the conversation between us may come to an end.

Bolz (answering from the window). For one in your position, Colonel, I find that wish a very natural one. (*Gazing out again.*) A brilliant procession, they all carry paper lanterns. On the lanterns are mottoes! Besides the usual devices of the Club I see others. Oh that this Bellmaus never can see when he could be useful to the paper. (*Hastily drawing forth an envelope.*) We will soon note the inscriptions for the paper. (*Answering.*) Pardon me! Oh that is well worth noticing: "Down with our enemies!" And here a dark lantern with white letters: "Perish the Union!" Thunder! (*Calling out from the window.*) Good evening, gentlemen!

Colonel (stepping to him). Sir, you are the Devil!

Bolz (turning round quickly). It's very kind of you, Colonel, to show yourself by me at the window. (*Colonel retreats.*)

Senden (from beneath). Whose voice is that?

Bolz. Good evening, Mr. von Senden! The gentleman who carries the brown lantern with the white inscription would oblige us very much if he would have the kindness to just pass his lantern up here to the Colonel. Blow out your light man, and hand me the lantern. So, I thank you, you man with the ~~ghostly~~ ^{clear} motto. (*Bringing in the lantern with a handle.*) Here, Colonel, is evidence of the brotherly disposition which your friends bear us. (*Tears the lantern from the staff.*) The lantern for you, the staff for the lantern bearer. (*Casts the staff out of the window.*) I have the honor to bid you good bye. (*Turns to go and meets Adelaide.*)

A chorus of men's voices again approaches. "There lives a highly honored knight," a loud huzza breaking in: Long life to Colonel Berg, hurrah!

Adelaide.

Adelaide (entering on the left hand during the tumult). Is the whole city then in uproar to-night?

Bolz. I have done what is in my power, it is half ~~accom-~~^{converted}plished. Good night!

Colonel (throwing the lantern to the ground in a rage). To the Devil with all journalists!

Chorus of men, Senden, Blumemberg and many other gentlemen (visible in the procession at the garden gate; the deputation enters, chorus and lanterns are grouped at the entrance.)

Senden (speaking with a loud voice until the curtain is entirely down). Colonel, the "Ressource" do themselves the honor to greet their highly esteemed member.

The curtain falls during the last words.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Garden-hall of the Colonel's house.

[Colonel entering from the garden, with *Karl* behind him.]

Colonel (*at the entrance, crossly*). Who told William to bring the horse before the chamber? The scoundrel makes enough noise with his hoofs to wake the dead.

Karl. Will you not ride out to-day, Colonel?

Colonel. No, take the horse to his stall!

Karl. As you say, Colonel. (*Leaves.*)

Colonel (*rings: Karl returns to the door*). Can I speak with Miss Adelaide?

Karl. She is in her room. The counsellor has been in her room with her some hours already.

Colonel. How? This early in the morning.

Karl. Here she is herself. (*Leaves while Adelaide enters.*)

Adelaide, Korb (*entering from the door*).

Adelaide (*to Korb*). You remain near the Garden door, and if the young gentleman that you know about, comes, lead him here to us. (*Korb leaves.*) Good morning, Colonel! (*walking up to him and looking him full in the face*). How is the weather to-day?

Colonel. Gloomy, my girl, gloomy, and stormy! Anger and sorrow run riot in my head, as if it would leap from my shoulders. How is the little one?

Adelaide. Better. She has been sensible enough to go to sleep until morning. She is still sad but calm.

Colonel. Indeed, this composure is vexatious to me. If she would but cry out and tear her hair, it would be distressing, but it would be natural. But this smiling, this giving up, and this drying up of secret tears destroys my composure. That sort of thing is not natural to my child.

Adelaide. Perhaps she knows the goodness of her father's heart better than he does himself, perhaps she still hopes.

Colonel. For what? For a reconciliation with him? After what has happened a reconciliation between Oldendorf and myself is impossible.

Adelaide (aside). Does he want me to contradict him?

Korb.

Korb (to Adelaide). The gentleman has arrived.

Adelaide. I will ring. (*Korb leaves.*) Help me in a little dilemma, I have got to speak with a strange young man who seems to be in want of help, and I should like for you to remain near by. — Can I leave the door here, open? (*Points to the door on the left.*)

Colonel. Does that then mean in plain German that I shall go in there?

Adelaide. Please, only for five minutes.

Colonel. All right, as far as I am concerned, if I only do not have to listen to anything.

Adelaide. I don't want you to, but still you will hear if the conversation should be of interest to you.

Colonel (laughing). If so, I will come back in. (*Goes away to the left, Adelaide rings.*)

Schmock, (Korb at the threshold, and leaves again immediately).

Schmock (bowing). I wish you a good morning—Are you the young lady who has sent her secretary to me?

Adelaide. Yes, you have expressed a wish to speak with me, yourself.

Schmock. Why should the secretary know if I have anything to say to you? Here are the scraps which Senden wrote and which I found in the waste basket of the Coriolanus. See whether they are of use to the Colonel. What shall I do with them? There is nothing to be done with them.

Adelaide (*looking down and reading to herself*). I here send you the unfortunate piece of written work as a specimen of style, and so forth.—Imprudent and very usual! (*Lays it on the table, aloud.*) In any event these trivial notes had better be preserved in my waste basket than in any other. — And what induced you, Sir, to make your confidence to me?

Schmock. Bellmaus told me that you were a suitable person to tell the Colonel in a suitable way to be on his guard against Senden and that editor of mine. And the Colonel is a kind man. He recently gave me a glass of sweet wine, and a roll and salmon for breakfast.

Colonel (*in sight at the door, folding his hands compassionately*). Oh my God!

Schmock. Why should I let him be circumvented by these men?

Adelaide. If the breakfast ~~was~~ nice to you, we will get you another.

Schmock. Oh, I pray you, do not bother on my account.

Adelaide. Can we help you in any other way?

Schmock. Why should you help me? (*Looking at his shoes and clothes.*) Everything I have got is in the wash-tub. My only misfortune is, I am sticking fast in a bad business. I must try to get out of literature.

Adelaide (*sympathetically*). It is, indeed, very hard to have an easy conscience in literary pursuits.

Schmock. That depends.—My editor is a dishonest man. He cuts out too much and pays too little. Take care of your style

above everything, says he, good style is the principal thing. Write ~~consequently~~^{in my style}, Schmock, says he, write profoundly. People desire, from day to day, for their paper to be deep. Well, I write deep, I make my style logical. But when I bring the work to him, he casts it away and shrieks: What is that? That's dull, it's pedantic, says he. You must write genially, you must be brilliant, Schmock, it is now the style for everything to be pleasant for the readers.—What can I do? I write genially again, I put much brilliancy into the article, and when I bring it to him, he takes his red pencil and strikes out everything commonplace, and leaves me only the brilliant standing.

Colonel. Is it possible?

Schmock. How can I endure such treatment? How can I write pure brilliants for him at five pfennings per line. I cannot endure it, and for this reason I am going to see if I cannot get out of the business. If I could only earn twenty-five or thirty dollars, I would never write for a paper again in my life, I would then set up a business of my own, a little business that could support me.

Adelaide. Wait a moment. (*Searches in her purse.*)

Colonel (coming forward hastily). Leave that to me, dear Adelaide. The young man wishes to leave off journalism, I will see to it! Here, here is money as you were wishing, if you promise me never to touch a pen again from to-day for a newspaper. Here, take it.

Schmock. A Prussian bank bill of twenty-five dollars current? On my honor, I promise you, Colonel, on my honor and salvation. I will go to-day to a cousin of mine who has a substantial business. Does the Colonel wish a note, or shall I issue a bill of exchange on myself at a long time.

Colonel. Don't talk to me about a bill of exchange!

Schmock. Then I will issue you a proper note. I am glad that it is only a note.

Colonel (impatiently). I do not want your note, either.—Go away, Sir, for God's sake!

Schmock. And how will it be with the interest? If I can have it for five per cent I would be glad.

Adelaide. The gentleman gives you the money.

Schmock. He gives me the money? Is it a miracle? I tell you what, Colonel, if I make nothing out of the money, let it be a present; if I help myself forward with it, then I will bring it back to you. I hope I will help myself on with it.

Colonel. Have that just as you please.

Schmock. I would rather have it that way, Colonel. Meanwhile I thank you, and may it be repaid you by another joy which you have. My respects to you, ladies and gentlemen. <

Adelaide. We will not forget the breakfast. (*Rings. Korb enters.*) Dear Korb! (*Speaks with him in a low voice.*)

Schmock. Please let that go, I beg. (*Schmock and Korb leave.*)

Colonel. And now, my girl, relate to me the whole conversation; it ~~relates to me~~ ^{concerns} me nearly enough.

Adelaide. Senden has talked loosely to others about his relations with you and your family. This young man heard something of it and got notes of Senden's in his possession in which some improper expressions were used. I considered it good to obtain these notes out of his hands.

Colonel. I beseech you for the letters Adelaide.

Adelaide (*entreatingly*). For what, Colonel?

Colonel. I will not get mad about them, girl.

Adelaide. It is not worth while to do that, and still I beg you not to look at them. You know enough now, for you know that he with his surroundings knows not how to requite such great confidence as you have permitted him of late.

Colonel (*sadly*). Oh, fie, fie! I have been unfortunate in my acquaintances in my old age.

Adelaide. If you class Oldendorf with this one here (*pointing to the letters*) then you are wrong.

Colonel. I don't do that, my girl. I have not held Senden so dear, and hence I bear it easier that he should injure me.

Adelaide (gently). And because you loved the other, therefore you were yesterday so—

Colonel. Speak right out moralizer—so harsh and violent.

Adelaide. More than that, you are wrong.

Colonel. I said the same thing to myself last night, when I entered Ida's room and heard the poor thing weep. I was a vexed, angry man, and was wrong in my manner. but in the matter itself I was right. Let him be Representative, he is perhaps better suited for it, than I; that he is a newspaper writer, that cuts us asunder.

Adelaide. He only did what you did too.

Colonel. Don't remind me of that silliness? If he as my son-in-law judged of the progress of the world differently from what I do, I could easily bear it. But if he at all times proclaims aloud to the world, feelings and sentiments which are opposed to mine, and I must read it, and what is worse, must hear how my son-in-law is scoffed at and abused on that account by my friends and old comrades, and all that must be swallowed down, you see I can't stand that!

Adelaide. And Ida? Because you will not stand it she will be unhappy.

Colonel. My poor child! She has already been unhappy through the whole of it. This half way of going on, has for a long time been of no avail between us men. It is better that it should come to an end even though it causes great pain.

Adelaide (earnestly). I don't see the end of it then. I will not see it until Ida laughs again as happily as she used to do.

Colonel (walking around excitedly, breaking forth). So I will give him my child, and take myself off alone to a corner! I thought my last days would be different, but God prevent that my dear girl should be unhappy through me! He is true and honorable, he will treat her well. I will withdraw again into the little city that I came from.

Adelaide (seizing his hand). No, my worthy friend, you shall

not do that. Neither Oldendorf nor Ida would be willing to owe their fortune to such a sacrifice. If, now, Senden and his friends were to take the paper out of the Professor's hands, how then?

Colonel (joyfully). Then he would not any longer be a journalist! (*Restlessly*). I will not hear of the plan. That sort of deceitful treatment does not please me.

Adelaide. Me either. (*Heartily.*) Colonel, you have often made me your confidante. That has made me happy and proud. You have permitted me to-day too, to speak more openly than is usually allowed to a girl. Will you give me still one great proof of your esteem?

Colonel (pressing her hand). Adelaide, we know how we stand to each other. Speak out.

Adelaide. Be to-night, for one hour, my true knight. Allow me to lead you with me wherever I go.

Colonel. What are you driving at child?

Adelaide. Nothing wrong, nothing that would be unworthy either of you or me. It shall not long remain a secret from you.

Colonel. If it must be, I acknowledge myself caught. But can I not know, perchance, what I have to do?

Adelaide. You shall accompany me on a visit and remember when there, what we have just now said to one another so sensibly.

Colonel. On a visit?

Korb.

Adelaide. On a visit which I make in my own interest.

Korb (to Adelaide). Mr. von Senden desires to pay his respects to you.

Colonel. I will not see him now.

Adelaide. Quiet, Colonel. We have not time to be angry with him too. I will have to receive him for a moment.

Colonel. Then I am going to leave.

Adelaide (pleading). To accompany me forthwith? The carriage is waiting.

Colonel. I obey the command. (*Goes off to the left.*)

Adelaide. I have seized a sudden resolution. I have ventured something which was entirely too bold for a girl, for I feel now when the crisis approaches, that my courage is failing. I must do it for his sake and for us all. (*To Korb.*) Request Miss Ida to get ready. The coachman must return immediately to carry her off. Dear Korb, think of me. I am on an important errand, my old friend. (*Adelaide leaves.*)

Korb (alone). By Jove, don't her eyes sparkle! What is she up to? She is going to kidnap the old Colonel, is she? What ever she is up to she will carry it through. There is only one who could keep up with her. Oh, Mr. Konrad, when can I talk! (*Leaves.*)

SCENE II.

Editorial Room of the Union.

Bolz comes out of the door on the left, right behind him *Müller*.

Bolz (at the middle door). Here, in here with the table!

Müller (carries a small covered table with wine-flasks, glasses, and plates to the foreground on the left, he moves five chairs, saying), Mr. Piepenbrink sends his respects and says that the wine was the gold seal brand, and if the Doctor drank any healths, he must not forget Mr. Piepenbrink's health too. He was very jolly, the stout old gentleman. And Madame Piepenbrink reminded him to subscribe to the Union. He charged me with arranging it for him.

Bolz (who meanwhile had been turning over the sheets of his

paper at the work-table on the right, rises up). Bring hither the wine! (*Muller pours into a glass.*) To the honor of the worthy vintner! (*Drinks.*) I treated him inconsiderately, but his heart has proved true. Tell him his health was not forgotten. Here are the bottles for you.—Now get out! (*Muller leaves, Bolz opening the left-hand door.*) Come, gentlemen, today I relax my rule.

Kämpe, Bellmaus, Körner.

Here is the promised breakfast. And now, you charming day-flies, hurry up! Paint your cheeks and your tempers as rosy red as you only know how to do. (*Pouring out.*) The great victory is won, the Union has celebrated one of the noblest triumphs; in coming centuries our belated grandchildren will still say with astonishment: those were glorious days, and so forth. For continuation, see today's edition of the paper. Before we sit down, the first toast—

Kämpe. The chosen Representative.

Bolz. No the first toast belongs to our common mother, the great power which brings forth deputies. The Newspaper, may it flourish!

All. Hurrah! (*They touch glasses.*)

Bolz. Hurrah! and for the second health—hold on! the Representative himself does not disappoint us.

Kämpe. There he comes.

Oldendorf.

Bolz. The Representative of our noble city, editor-in-chief, professor, journalist, and good fellow, who is actually angry because odd things have been put in the paper behind his back, a happy life to him!

All. Hurrah!

Oldendorf (kindly). I thank you, gentlemen.

Bolz (*drawing Oldendorf to the front, aside*). And you are no longer angry?

Oldendorf. Your intention was good, but it was a great blunder.

Bolz. Forget it!—(*Aloud*.) Here, take the glass, sit down with us. Don't be proud, young statesman, you belong to us today. So here sit the editorial staff. Where is the worthy Mr. Henning, what keeps the owner, printer, and publisher, Gabriel Henning?

Bellmaus. We have sought him everywhere, and we can find him nowhere.

Kämpe. I met him out there on the steps. He slunk by me as timidly as one who had played a silly trick.

Bolz. Probably it is with him as with Oldendorf, he is again somewhat displeased with the conduct of the paper.

Müller.


Müller (*sticking in his head*). Here are the papers and the mail.

Bolz. Put them there! (*Müller walks in, puts the papers on the work-desk.*)

Müller. Here is the Coriolanus. There is something about our paper in it, the errand boy of the Coriolanus grinned at me insultingly, and commended the article to my inspection.

Bolz. Hand it here! Hush! the Roman people, the Coriolanus speaks.—The devil! what does this mean? (*Reads.*) “We know from the best source that a great change is imminent in the newspaper business of our province.—Our opponent the Union, will stop directing its measureless attacks against all that is high and holy.”—This high and holy is Blumenberg. “The ownership of it will be passed over to other hands, and there is no doubt that we hereafter will greet an ally in this much read sheet.”—How does that taste, gentlemen?

<i>Müller</i>	} (<i>together</i>)	Thunder and lightning!
<i>Kämpe</i>		That's foolishness!
<i>Bellmaus</i>		It is a lie!



Bolz. There is something at the bottom of it. Bring Gabriel Henning here! (*Muller leaves.*) The proprietor has played traitor. We are poisoned. (*Jumping up.*) And this is the Borgian feast. Next thing the merciful brothers will be stepping in here and singing our death song.—Do me the favor to at least eat the oysters up before it is too late.

Oldendorf (who had seized the paper). Clearly this news is nothing but a doubtful rumor. Henning will tell us that there is nothing in it. Don't look for ghosts, and sit down.

Bolz (sitting down). Well, I'll sit down, but not because I believe your words but because I will not leave the breakfast in the lurch. Only get Henning here, and he shall get a blow-out.

Oldendorf. You hear that he is not at home.

Bolz (eating rapidly). Oh, you shall be aroused in a fearful manner, little Orsini!—Bellmaus, fill my glass. But if the story is not true, if this Coriolanus has lied, I swear it by the purple in this glass, I will become its slayer. The most cruel vengeance that ever an insulted journalist took shall fall on its head. It shall bleed to death from a pin prick. Every pug dog on the street shall look on it contemptuously and say: Pooh, Coriolanus, I don't want a bite of you, even if you were a sausage.—(*Someone knocks, Bolz lays down the knife.*) Memento mori! there are our grave-diggers.—Yet one more oyster. And then farewell, beautiful world.

Counsellor Schwarz, Senden (from the door on the left, the door remains open).

Schwarz. Your devoted servant, gentlemen.

Senden. I beg pardon, if we disturb you.

Bolz (sitting at the table). Not in the least. This is only our accustomed breakfast according to the contract made for the year, five oysters and two bottles daily to each reporter. Whoever buys the paper must carry out the contract.

Schwarz. What brings us here, Professor is a communication which Mr. Henning should have made to you first. He has preferred me to announce it to you.

Oldendorf. I am ready for your communication.

Schwarz. Mr. Henning conveyed to me yesterday all the rights which he had as proprietors of the Union newspaper.

Oldendorf. To you, Counsellor?

Schwarz. I acknowledge that I have only bought it as the agent of a third party. Here is the contract for the sale; there is nothing secret in it. (*Hands him a paper.*)

Oldendorf (looking through it, to Bolz). It is a notary's contract in proper form, — sold for thirty thousand dollars. — (*Excitement amongst the reporters.*) Permit me to go to the heart of the matter. Will this change of ownership necessitate a change also in the political conduct of the sheet?

Senden (stepping forward). Of course, Professor, that was the purpose of the purchase.

Oldendorf. Then I see in you, perhaps, the new proprietor?

Senden. No, but I have the honor of being a friend of his. You have just as good a right as these gentlemen to demand that your contract be fulfilled. Your contract demands, as I hear, your experience for half a year. It is evident that your salary continues until the expiration of this time.

Bolz (standing up). You are very kind, Mr. von Senden. Our contracts give us the right to edit the paper entirely on our own judgment, and to control both the management and the party affiliations of the sheet independently. Therefore we will not only not give up our rights until the expiration of the next six months, but we will conduct the paper too in the interest of that party to which you have not the honor to belong.

Senden (hotly). We will find a way to prevent that.

Oldendorf. Calm yourself! Such a business will be hardly worthy of us. I declare under such circumstances I resign the editorship today, and free you from all liabilities to me.

Bolz. As far as I am concerned, I say the same thing.

Bellmaus. }
Kümpe. } We too!
Körner. }

Senden (to Schwarz). You are a witness that the gentleman renounce their rights of their own accord.

Bolz (to the reporters). Hold on gentlemen, don't be too magnanimous. It is proper that you should no longer have anything to do with the paper when your friends retire. But why will you surrender your financial claims on the new owner?

Bellmaus. I would rather not take anything from him. I would do as you have done.

Bolz (patting him). Well said, my son. We will fight our way together through the world. What do you say to a barrel organ, Bellmaus? We will go around to the fairs and sing your songs, I'll grind, and you will sing.

Oldendorf. Since neither of you has become the owner of the paper, the question naturally proposes itself at the conclusion of this negociation, to whom have we resigned our rights?

Senden. The present owner of the paper is —

The Colonel appears from the side door at the left.

Oldendorf (stepping back in astonishment). The Colonel?

Bolz. Ah, now things are getting tragical.

Colonel (walking up to Oldendorf). Take the assurance of this before all, Professor, that I know nothing about the whole business, and only come here at the request of the purchaser. When here I first discovered why it was done. I hope you will believe that.

Bolz. But I find this performance unbearable, and insist upon finding out who the new proprietor is, who hides himself so secretly behind so many different people.

Adelaide.

Adelaide (entering from the side door to the left). He stands before you!

Bolz. I feel like swooning away.

Bellmaus. That is a divine idea.

Adelaide (*bowing*). I salute you, gentleman. (*To the reporters.*) Am I right when I assume that these gentleman until now have been employed in the Superintendence of the paper?

Bellmaus (*eagerly*). Yes, indeed, ^{Miss} sweet lady. Mr. Kämpe for the leaders, Mr. Körner on the French and English correspondence, I for the theatre, music, fine arts, and such like.

Adelaide. I will be very glad if your ^{principles} ~~scruples~~ will permit you to continue to give your talents to my paper. (*The three reporters bow.*)

Bellmaus (*laying his hand on his heart*). Sweet lady, under your management till the end of the world.

Adelaide (*laughing and kindly*). Oh no, only into that room (*pointing to the door on the right.*) I need a half hour to prepare myself for my new business.

Bellmaus (*while going away*). That will be a famous story! (*Bellmaus Kamp and Körner leave.*)

Adelaide. Professor, you have resigned the management of the paper with a readiness that delights me. (*With significance.*) I wish to edit the Union after my own fashion. (*Seizes his hand and leads him to the Colonel.*) Colonel, he is no longer an editor; we have outwitted him, you have your revenge.

Colonel (*opening his arms*). Come Oldendorf! — What has happened I was sorry for, ever since the hour of our parting.

Oldendorf. My honored friend!

Adelaide (*pointing to the door on the left*). There is still some one in there who wishes to take part in the reconciliation. Perhaps it is Mr. Gabriel Henning.

Ida.

Ida (*at the side door*). Edward! (*Oldendorf hastens to the door. Ida hastens to meet him, and he embraces her. Both go away to the left, the Colonel following them.*)

Adelaide (politely). Before I ask you, Mr. von Senden, to interest yourself in the editorship of the paper, I beg you to read over this correspondence which I have received as a contribution for my sheet.

Senden (glances over, casting his eyes down). Miss, I do not know whose indiscretion —

Adelaide. Fear nothing on my side, I am a newspaper owner and (*with significance*) will keep an editorial secret.

Senden (bows).

Adelaide. May I ask you for the document, Counsellor? And will the gentlemen have the kindness to satisfy the purchaser as to the closing up of the business? (*They bow. Senden and Schwarz leave.*)

Adelaide and Bolz.

Adelaide (after a slight pause). Now, Mr. Bolz, what shall I do with you?

Bolz. I understand it all; I no longer am in a state of wonder. — If any one were next to bestow the sum of a hundred million on daubing over all the negroes in white oil-colors, or in making Africa four-cornered, I will not be surprised. If I wake up in the morning an owl with two feather tufts instead of ears and with a mouse in my beak, I will be happy, and think it is only some more bad luck happened to me.

Adelaide. What do you mean, Konrad? Are you displeased with me?

Bolz. With you? You have been as noble as ever; only too noble! And everything would have been all right, if only this last scene had been impossible. This Senden.

Adelaide. He will not come again.—Konrad, I belong to the party.

Bolz. Triumph! I hear innumerable angels blowing their trumpets! I remain with the Union!

Adelaide. I have nothing more to decide about that, for I must still make a confession to you. Indeed I am not the real owner of the paper.

Bolz. You are not?— Now by all the gods, I am at my wit's ends, this owner becomes gradually of no importance to me, whether he is a man, will-o'-the-wisp, or Beelzebub himself, I bid him defiance!

Adelaide. He is a kind of will-o-the-wisp, he is a little bit of a devil, and a rascal from his head to his toe. For Konrad, my friend, the lover of my youth, you, yourself, are he! (*Gives him the document.*)

Bolz (*for awhile amazed, then reads*). Signed over to Konrad Bolz— exactly! — That would be a present. — It cannot be accepted, it is too much! (*Casts the paper aside.*) Take the thought of it away from me! (*Falls on his knees before Adelaide.*) Here I kneel, Adelaide! I know not what I say, for joy, for the whole room is dancing about me. If you will marry me, you will do me the greatest favor in the world! If then you do not want me, give me a box on the ear, and drive me away.

Adelaide (*bending down to him*). I do want you!— (*Kissing him.*) This cheek was the one.

Bolz (*jumping up*). And this mouth is the one. (*Kisses her, they embrace each other, a short pause.*)

Colonel, Ida, Oldendorf.

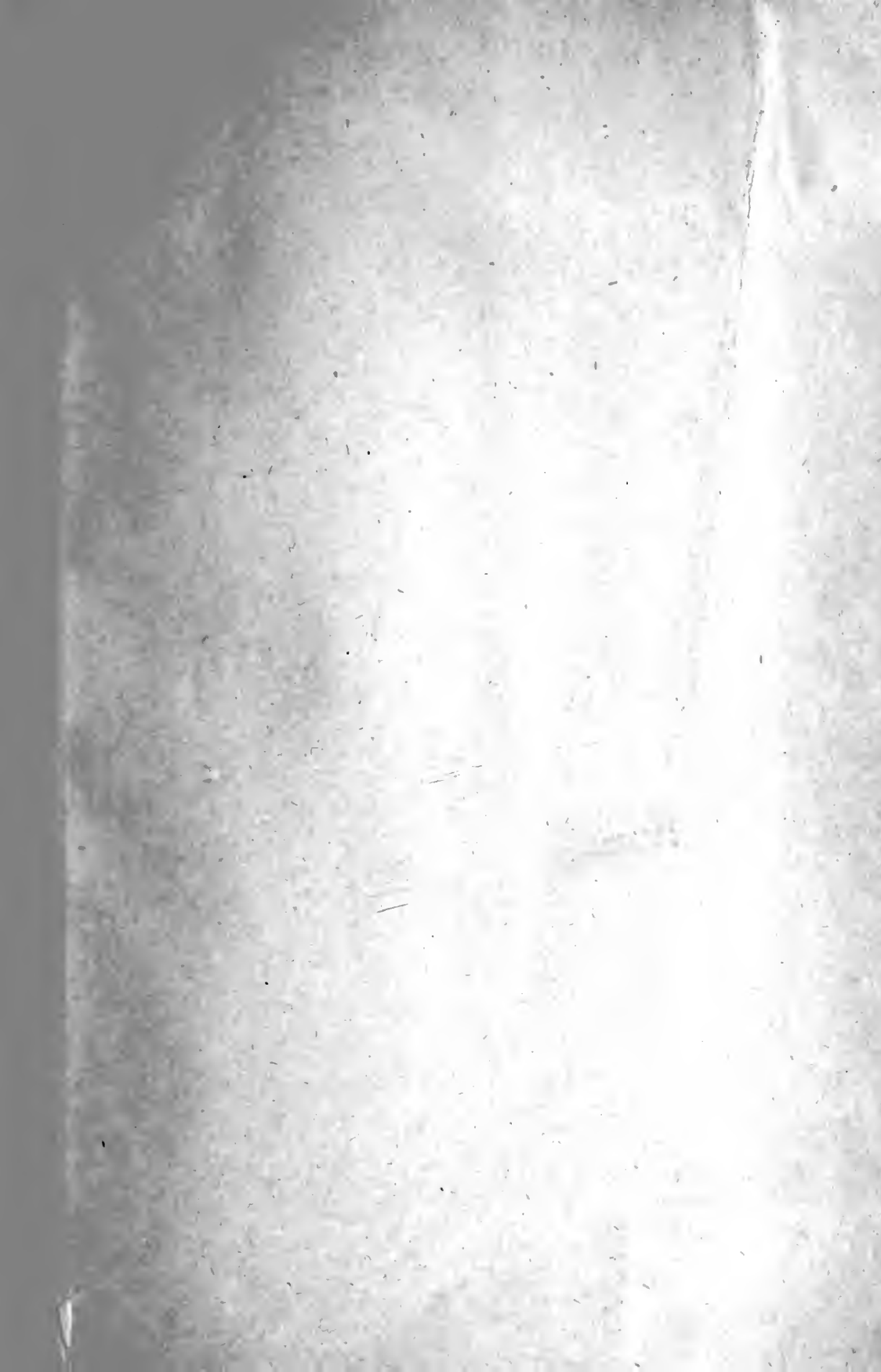
Colonel (*at the door astonished*). What is that?

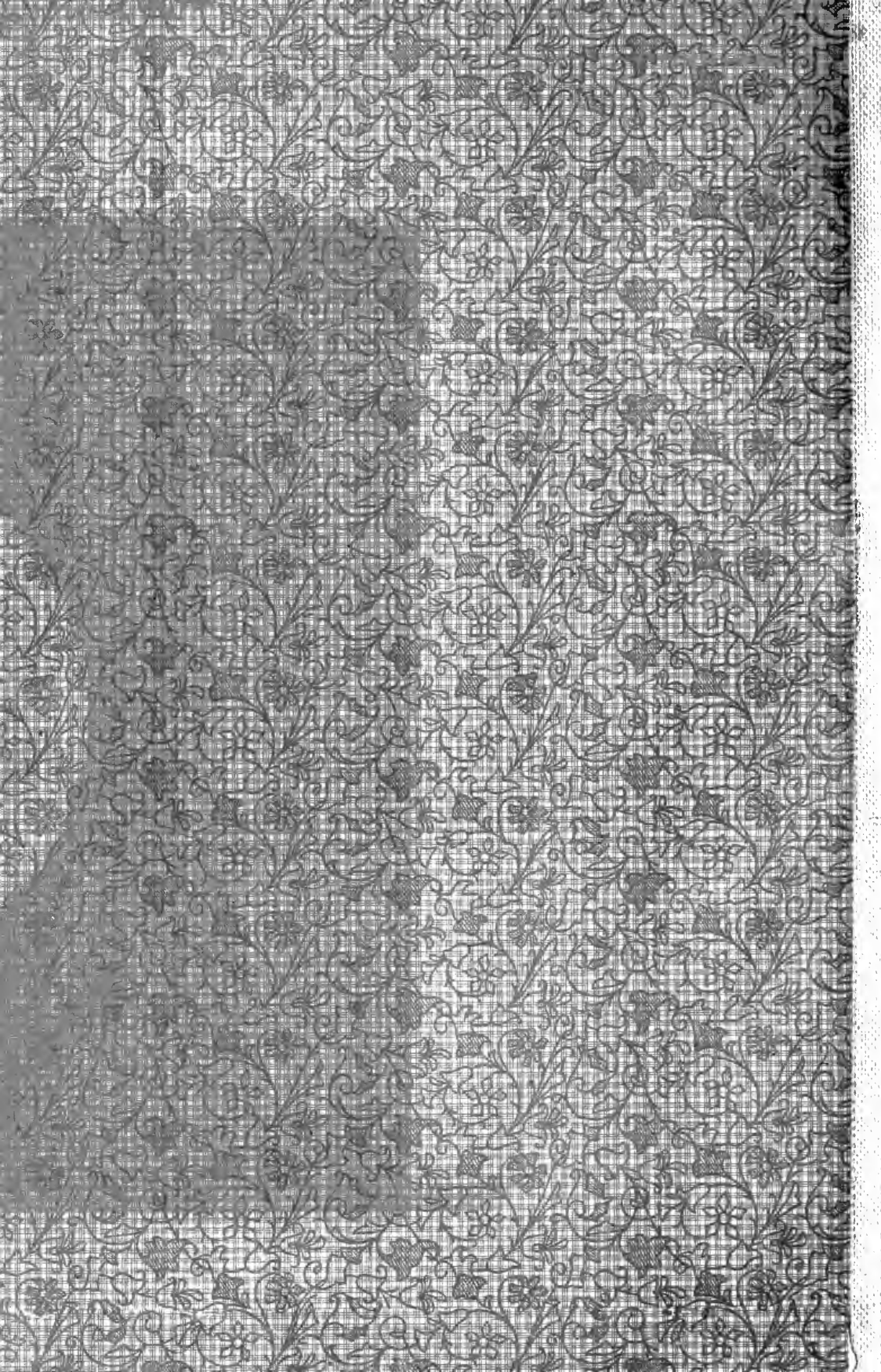
Bolz. Colonel, the newspaper business is responsible for it.

Colonel. Adelaide, what is it I see?

Adelaide (*Stretching out her hand to the Colonel*). My friend, the promised bride of a journalist!

(*In the meanwhile, Ida and Oldendorf hasten up on each side of the couple. The curtain falls.*)





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